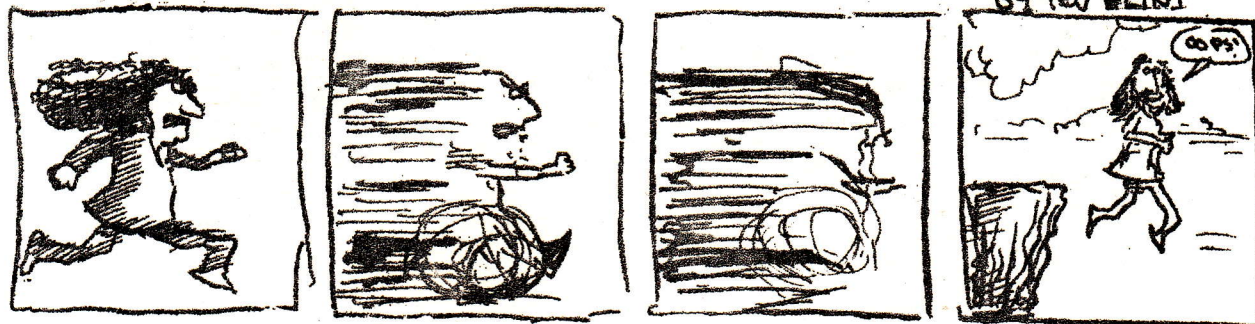


I was outraged. How could they do this to me?!? I phoned National Comix, and demanded to know what they had done to my comic strip.

"Hey buddy...we just handle the copying of your strip. We never touched the original," an annoyed voice exclaimed.

"Are you sure no one tampered with it?"

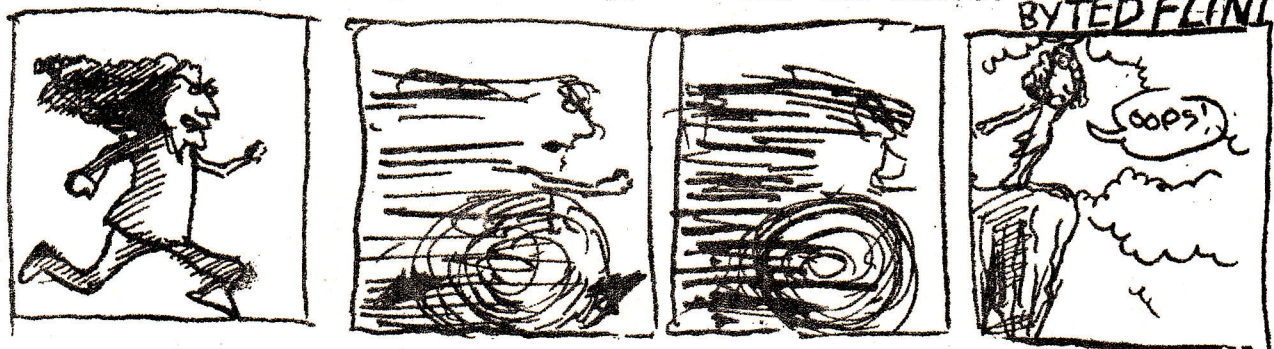
"Look, we lock 'em up as soon as we get them in the mail." I thanked him for his patience. Then, like a three-year-old that gets back on his bicycle after an accident, I returned to my drawing board to pen another death for Sophia. I felt no remorse for her as I had the night before. Her last moments of life looked like this:



I placed it into a specially sealed envelope, just as I had done with the other strip. Then, in thick black lettering, I wrote on the envelope:

DO NOT TOUCH...ONLY FOR COPYING. I placed it in my mailbox. Then, I phoned ahead to the executive in charge of National, and asked, no...more like ordered him, to make sure that no one tamper with the cartoon.

The next morning, feeling quite confident because of my precautionary measure, I went down to the corner to get my morning paper. I flipped through the pages and when I got to the comics, Sophia was standing there in the last panel, plain as day, and she was alive:

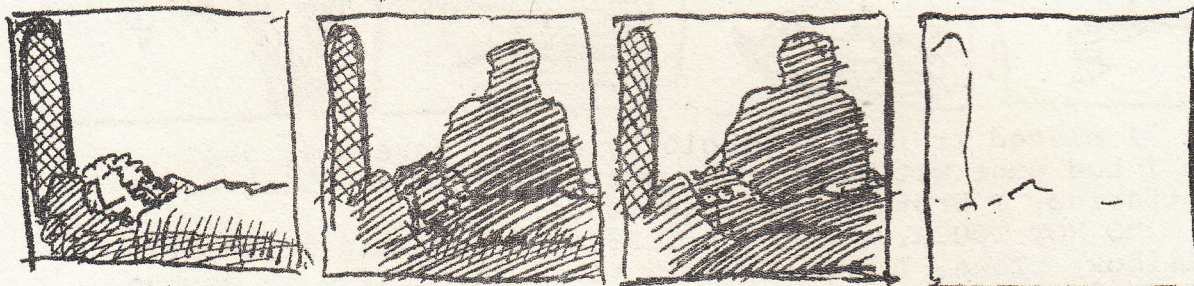


For the next few days, try as I may, I couldn't write a strip that would kill off Sophia. Every night, I would find newer ways to kill her, and better ways to safeguard the strip from being tampered with, and every morning Sophia would find newer and better ways of surviving. The plots shifted, drawing changed and I began to lose my ability to dictate events. I was no longer God and the

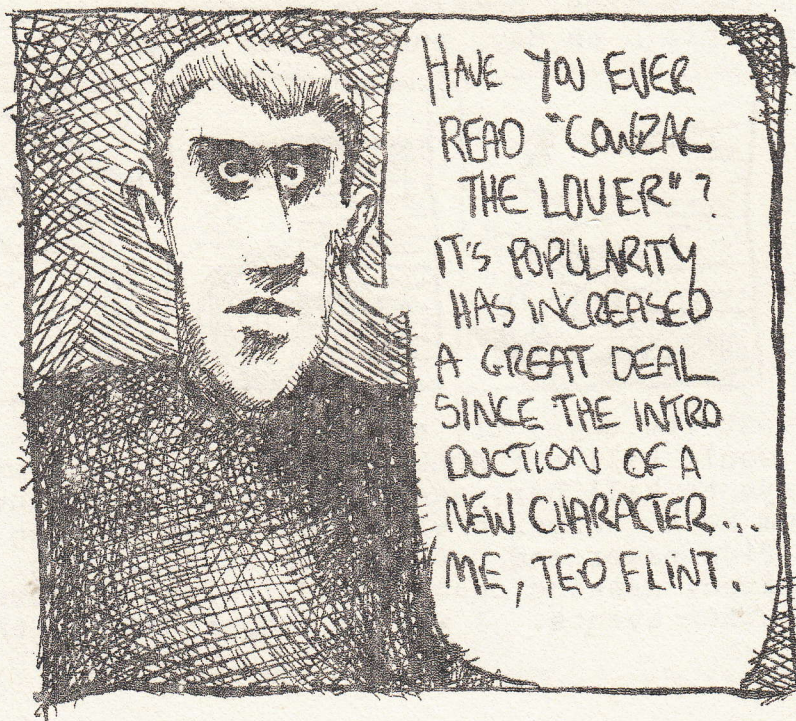
characters no longer obeyed my commandments. I was merely a tool...an instrument to let the characters lead their lives.

That was all I could take. I wasn't about to let a bunch of pen and ink scribbles take over my life. It was not a laughing matter. I knew I had to stop drawing and, because an artist can never truly stop drawing, I had to incapacitate my hand indefinitely. Or possibly, I thought, I could kill myself. I mean...what is an artist if he cannot create? And what is an artist if he does not have the ability to control his drawings and paintings?

I decided to O.D. on sleeping pills, a cliched ending for a cliched cartoonist, but a practical and painless solution for a coward of a man. But before I put an end to the madness, I thought I would draw one last strip. Try one more time to kill off Sophia. The first three panels came easy...



But just as the last panel came, I felt a tug at my hands. My fingers started to slide down the sides of the pen, into the paper, and the rest of my body soon followed until...



Joel's
Last
Minute
Attempt
To
Have
Something
In
'Yearbook'

Joel Schlemowitz

Here is my last minute attempt to have something in yearbook. Usually I work with a plot in mind; this is more of a free association. At least I still have something in yearbook. Fame and glory, eh? Yeah. This is beginning to sound like Impromptu yuck. Is this long enough? I don't know. I don't care, do I? Who cares. What do I write now? Who cares? Let's have some dialogue.

"Hey Gorf."

"Stop calling me that."

"Sorry. Well Gorffel, if we are going to climb this mountain, we've got to get started."

"Just as soon as you let go of my foot."

"Well then you let go of my nose."

"But if I let go, I'll fall off this cliff I'm hanging from."

"All right, here, let me help you up...there."

"Look the mountain is creeping away."

"Aw nuts, now we'll never get to the top."

"But we were standing on the mountain weren't we?"

"Well we were, now we aren't standing on anything."

"Then why aren't we falling?"

"We are."

That wasn't funny. I don't know. Who cares? Oh well.

I remember that day so clearly. After being in the hospital as long as I've been, you start to do a lot of thinking. I think of Mom, Dad, Brad, but most of all of Holly.

Holly is, I mean was, my horse. I really can't believe she's gone. I know she's home waiting for me to get out of the hospital.

Brad is my boyfriend. He's the only thing I've ever loved as much as I loved Holly. I don't really love my parents as much as most kids do. They have their own problems. The last thing they need is a crippled daughter trying to adjust to being crippled.

I hate the word crippled. It makes me think about old people. I mean only in books are sixteen-year-olds crippled. I guess I'll have to get used to the word "cripple" because that's what it looks like I'm going to be.

I haven't always been crippled. Actually the fall was only three months ago.

I had awakened earlier than usual. When I wake up I never get back to sleep. I ate breakfast and then went out to feed Holly.

She was full of energy and ready to go. I kept her trotting for about two miles, then really let her run.

The world was so beautiful that morning. The sky was blue and the world looked green with specks of brown. It was a day you could lose yourself in, and that's exactly what I did. I was daydreaming about what would happen when Holly and I were famous. Then I saw the log.

I saw the log but Holly didn't. I know this sounds corny but I think she was daydreaming too. She fell over the log and I fell off.

I was too surprised and hurt to be scared, but I know Holly was scared by the way she got all tense. Maybe it was fear that made her run, but it could have been anything.

My mother found me lying there, half conscious, around two hours later.

by Lauri Goldberg

"Don't worry, Hon, we'll have you at the hospital in no time," Mom said as she picked me up.

"Hol...Holly." I gasped for air.

"Don't worry, darling, don't worry."

Well, here I am at the hospital, worrying about Holly. As I lie here, lost in thought, the phone rings. It rings around five times before I really hear it. It's Mom.

"Hon, listen. We've found Holly. Did you hear me, we found Holly!"

I'm stunned. I mumble something to Mom and hang up. Why don't I feel happy? I should be thrilled. My troubles should be over.

Later that night I reach a decision. I want to sell Holly. She brings back too many memories. I guess losing Holly wasn't my real problem after all.

THE MEMORY

The pain strikes again -
though you're used to it now.
The flash through your brain
Has become a routine.
The throbbing begins
And your head rattles -
Too filled with other ideas
For this old and buried problem
To start up once again.
But there's no end to it now,
For it continues to insist
That the old memory
Must never be lost,
Or forgotten.

- Cara Lesser



Marc Sznajerman

SCARY STORY

Late in the night I got out of my bed,
Like a zombie walking up from the dead,
I walked outside in the still of the night,
And there is where I saw an eerie sight.
I looked and it began to say,
"Get out of here" in a weird way.
I ran back to my house and back to my bed,
Got under the covers, and fainted dead.

-Jenny Kosarin



Kathy Van Deusen

NEW YORK CITY

RANDOM

Screaming, ripped off, getting robbed,
Grand Central Station always mobbed,
Crying, fleeing, pay and pay --
Using the subway to get away?
I think that I will never see
A sight as great as N.Y.C.

Jenny Kosarin

At first not understanding what gone forever meant
Now understanding and wanting to forget
Eight years have passed and so will eight more
But she will still be gone

Gone

Never to be seen

Gone

Never to be talked to

Never to be listened to

Gone

Forever.

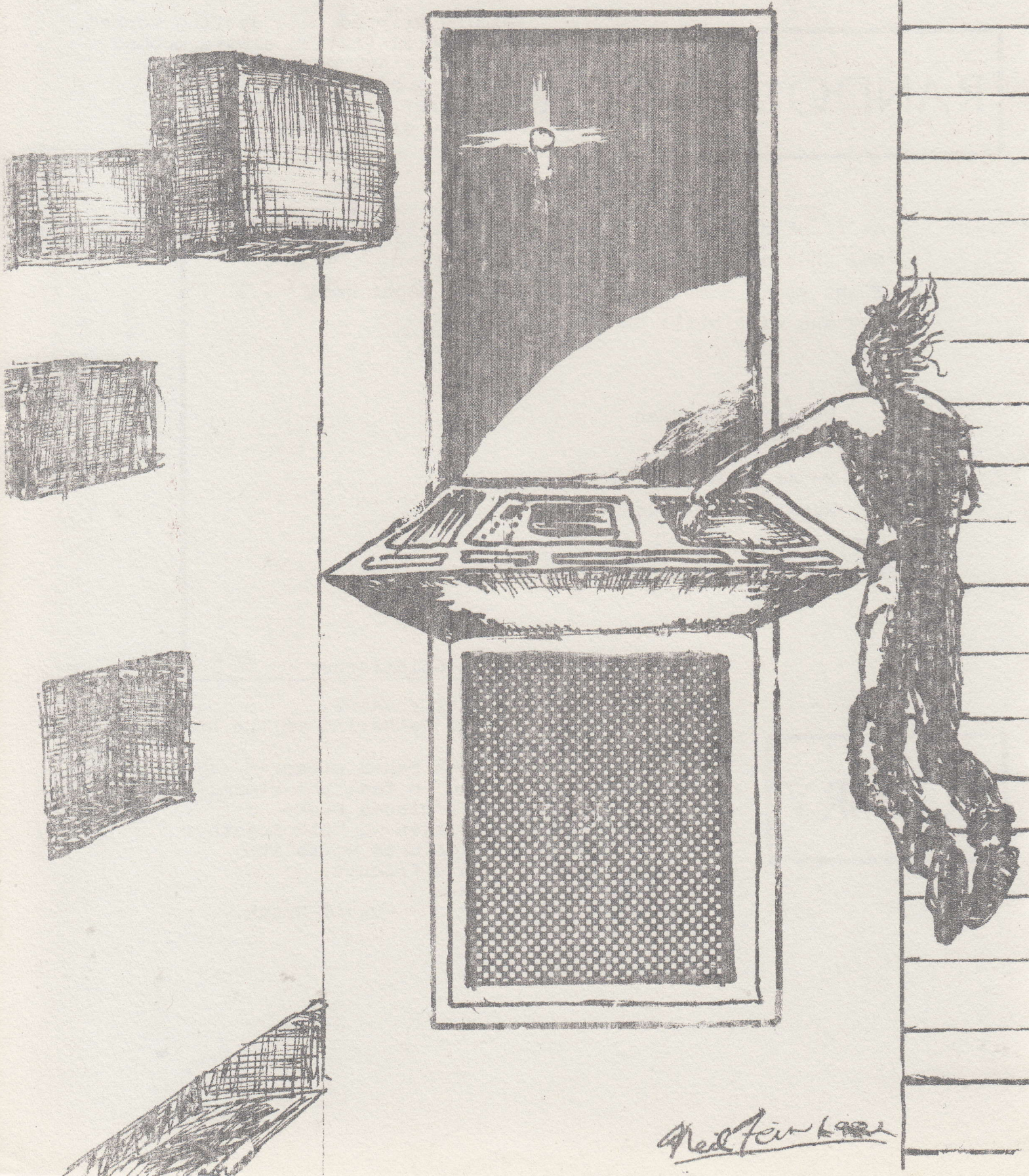
Madeline Goldfischer

POETRY

Beneath starry skies,
With clouds gathering on the horizon,
We lay.
We held each other closer--
Not wanting to feel the storm.
At last the clouds broke
Wet to the skin we held together
To start again is worth it--
But oh, so difficult.

-David Frank

DEAD PLANET



Neil Fennell 1982

The bright flame of the fusion drive licked the methane ice on Pluto's surface. It boiled away into gas, but the low gravity of Pluto was enough to pull it back down; methane was a slow gas. Only on very small planets could it reach escape velocity.

The ground fell away beneath the *High Flier*.

I couldn't see any of this, of course; I was pinned down to my gee couch by the acceleration needed to reach escape velocity. Pluto's was low, but high enough to keep me from looking out of the window.

Then the gee forces stopped. I was in orbit and would continue to be so until all systems were checked. It would take about three hours to do that; all the time, the *High Flier* would be in gyrosynchronous orbit, staying over one spot of the planet's surface.

I unfastened my harness, and looked out of the window at Pluto.

It was a small, dark ball, icy blue, icy cold. Pluto's atmosphere was frozen onto its surface. Often, the fusion drives of spacecraft melted away part of this ice; but it was always captured and refrozen. The world's whole methane supply came from Pluto. That was why I was here; to mine methane. You'd think there was enough of it on the *High Flier*; the whole ship smelled.

I went to the front of the bridge. There were none of the flashy control panels and blinking lights you'd think there were; however, a lot of box-like things were sticking out of the walls. It wasn't the common layman's view of spacecraft. The science-fiction wave from the twentieth century was still echoing around. Spacecraft

cockpits no longer looked like unrolled Christmas trees. Computers did almost all of the work. You only had to tell it where you wanted to go, like "Computer, land on Earth," or, "Go into gyrosynchronous orbit."

Once you got there, the computer would display a map of the planet or asteroid you were about to land on, and you would give it a latitude and longitude. It wouldn't land on, for instance, Jupiter, for it has no surface, or Lucifer, which has a surface, but five-thousand gee surface gravity. That was why the training course for becoming a pilot was so short; two-thirds of it had to do with mining techniques.

It was then that the heating system broke down.

"Can you fix it?" I asked the computer.

It said, "No."

"Damn," I said to myself. I could feel the ship getting colder.

Wait a minute, the methane. That was flammable. I asked the computer, "When does the ship leave orbit?"

"Two hours, fifty-one minutes."

"Will the temperature then be bearable? To me, I mean."

"No."

And, so, I went down to the gas tanks, and got a can of methane. I told the computer: "rotate the ship so I get gravity in the cockpit". I don't know if you've ever seen a fire in zero gravity, but it's totally uncontrollable.

Gravity came, and I lit the fire. It created an unbearable stench, but it was warm.

I wondered if I had enough gas to keep me warm until the *High Flier* reached the outer asteroid belt.

by Neil Fein

Triquetra

Written By Jennifer Fleissner

Dennis and Noah were playing ping-pong. As they played, a radio blared somewhere nearby, but neither of them could see where it was coming from. The reception was bad, so what they mainly heard were bursts of static.

"Can't ----ing concentrate," muttered Dennis as he missed a shot. "Whose ----ing radio, anyway?"

"Don't rightly ----ing know." Noah grinned, ball poised in hand. "That's 20-16. Game point."

"No shit." Dennis swatted a gnat. "Damn bugs."

Noah put down his paddle. "Okay everybody, step right up!" he called. "See Dennis Cauley attempt to get through one sentence without an obscenity."

"Serve, jerk." Dennis swatted another insect.

"Oh well- an admirable effort, anyway." Noah served the ball, accompanied by a loud burst of static from the unseen radio. Dennis missed it and cursed.

Noah put down his paddle. "You'd better work on those," he said. "Lou and Sybil aren't going to be too thrilled-"

"Who gives?" Dennis snarled, just as the radio gave out another static burst. He spun around. "Turn off the damn radio!" he shouted.

There was a pause. Then someone shouted, "No."

"Sonofabitch," Dennis muttered. "Some dumb kid." He slammed down his paddle. "Where the hell are you, anyway?" he shouted.

"Right here." It was a girl. She stood in the little pathway from the badminton court to the ping-pong table, beside Boy's House. She looked young, around

thirteen, with curly wisps of dark hair standing out from her head. In one hand she held a huge radio. Dennis smiled.

"Hey, c'mon, kid, just turn it down a little, alright? No problem, right?" He grinned at her.

The girl narrowed her eyes at him. "If you don't want to hear it," she announced. "Why don't you go someplace else?"

"Christ!" Dennis spat. He glared at the girl, who firmly clutched her box. "Look," he said coldly. "I'm sure I'm not the only one being bothered by the melodic strains of your little radio, so why don't you go someplace else?"

The girl stared at him for a moment, then turned off the radio. The sudden silence was peculiar. Noah sighed. Dennis swatted another bug.

"Well," he said, after a pause "I'm sure everyone here will be eternally grateful for your valiant sacrifice." He rolled his eyes at Noah.

The girl stomped off.

Maris hated serving. No matter how many times she tried to tell them, nobody would believe she was a CIT. "What're you doing here?" they'd yell when she stepped into the kitchen. The girls in her own cabin, even! For most of pre-season, even her goddamn bunkmates had given her shit. Looking 13 at 15 was no picnic.

Now, possibly because of her size, she'd been relegated to serving lowfat milk. Beside her was chief CIT heartthrob Dennis Cauley, who had cursed her out that very morning for playing her radio. She supposed she ought to be enthralled.

His charming opening comment was, "Damn, what the ---- are you doing here?" Cauley was known for his scattered indelicacies, so

Maris was not too shocked.

"Serving," she answered, handing a kid his milk.

"You're not a CIT!"

"Wanna bet?" Maris said smoothly. Since Dennis seemed preoccupied, she started pouring more regular milk.

"Oh, no." Dennis groaned and accidentally knocked over one of the cups of milk. Maris sighed and began pouring again.

Dennis grabbed the milk carton from her. "Hey, that's my job, all right?"

Maris said nothing. She glanced over at Noah McClin, who was doing nectarines next to them. Now he was gorgeous. Dennis Cauley looked like all the rest-- blond, blue-eyed and tanned, with the less-than-charming personality that commonly accompanied. But Noah was dark, which Maris had always preferred. And from what she could tell, he was nice too. She hadn't the faintest idea why he hung around with Dennis Cauley.

"Hey, Clin!" Dennis shouted. "Would you believe this kid's a CIT?"

Noah glanced over at them, saw Maris and shrugged. He looked a little embarrassed. Maris smiled at him.

"Hey, remember?" Dennis yelled. "She was the one with the radio."

"I know," Noah said. He served some kids their nectarines, not looking at Dennis.

"You know," Dennis said to Maris. "You're lucky you turned that thing off. If I were you, I wouldn't suggest getting me PO'd, okay? It's not a good idea."

"I'll remember that," Maris said sarcastically. She looked over at Noah McClin, but he was talking with someone else.

Noah stood on the outskirts of the group, watching Dennis have fun with Cindy and her friends--his harem. Not that he'd ever have the guts to say that out loud. But that's what it was. They followed him everywhere! None of them were too exciting, and Noah nearly always ended up where he was now-- watching.

"Hi," said someone behind him. Noah jumped. He turned around. It was the radio girl, the one who'd turned out to be a CIT. She really did look younger. Noah felt sorry for her. He'd never looked anything less than his age.

"Hi," he replied. She wasn't bad-looking or anything. Her hair was pretty, and she had large, greenish eyes. But she still looked 13--14, pushing it. He was pissed at Dennis for being such an asshole to her. She looked fragile, almost, as if she needed you to speak to her softly, not to insult her. Even her voice had a light, somewhat childish tone.

"I see your friend is occupied," she said. Her voice sounded a bit accusing, but then she smiled. "Feeling left out?"

Noah shrugged. He actually wasn't quite sure.

"Well, don't worry about it," she said. "Plenty of fish in the sea." She glanced over at Dennis and made a face. "God, those girls make me sick!"

"They're harmless," Noah said, yawning. "God, I'm so tired. They give us so little sleep!"

"Yeah, and it's supposed to be such a privilege," the girl groused. "By the way, I'm Maris."

"I'm Noah," he replied, though she probably already knew. Maris. Odd name. He

didn't recall ever having known anyone named Maris before.

"And that's Dennis," she said, smiling. "I guess he's not bad-looking. But what a jerk!"

"Well, you could say that."

"Yeah, I definitely could. Does he ever say anything but ----?"

"Only when he says 'shit.'"

"Right, I forgot."

"And 'asshole.'" Noah was enjoying the conversation. Too often he felt obliged to stand up for Dennis wherever he went, maybe so as not to shatter any illusions. But with this girl he felt oddly at ease. She had a slightly crooked smile that didn't seem at all fake.

"How come you hang around with him?" Maris said.

The killer question. Noah winced. "Look," he said. "I know you're not wild over him, but there's more to Den than it seems. I mean--a lot of that macho stuff is just an act."

Maris smiled. "A convincing act," she said wryly.

"I guess," Noah admitted.

"Anyhow, we're not as good friends as people think," he added.

"Well, that's a comfort," Maris said. She gazed at him. "I read some of your stuff in the magazine," she said pensively.

"Like what?"

"That story--about the two kids in the restaurant--"

"'Orders'," Noah said. He was glad she'd meant that story. He'd always liked it himself. It was about a guy and a girl on a first date in a fancy restaurant, and it was based on his own 9th grade experience. He'd tried to write it for a long time before he'd finally succeeded. Now he had to show it to Elayna.

"Right," said Maris. "That was really good. Like, I'll bet he--"

she gestured at Dennis, "couldn't have written something like that."

"He acts," said Noah.

"No kidding," said Maris wryly. "It's odd. He really is a good actor. I mean, you wouldn't think--well, I guess maybe to him it's a big ego trip or something."

"Well, sort of," Noah began, but just then Dennis came over, followed by three girls. He grinned toothily at Noah. "Well, well," he said. "Flirting as always. And I thought you had better taste. Well, to each their own, I always say."

"---- off," Maris said coldly.

Dennis looked shocked. "Such language!" he said, still grinning at Noah. "I am truly astonished. Truly." He turned to Noah. "How you tolerate such profanity is beyond me."

"Don't be a jerk, Den," Noah said, a bit angrily.

Dennis's expression changed. He glanced quickly at the girls behind him. "Look," he said to Noah, in a strange tone of voice. "Get off my case, all right?" He looked at Maris.

"Jerk," he muttered, and walked off.

Noah found it hard to believe he'd actually finished the play. He still hadn't found a title yet, but who cared? He was proud of it, proud of the characters--especially Dede, the female lead. A lot of her was Elayna, of course, but to Noah's surprise there was also quite a bit of Maris Sill. He liked her--she never bored him, like the girls in Dennis's harem did; even when they disagreed, he saw her points and admired her directness. And unlike 80% of the girls in camp, she wasn't passionately in love with Dennis.

"It's not quite polished up yet," Noah admitted. "I mean, it is finished, but it's still essentially a first draft."

"No problem." Maris was leafing through the manuscript. "Is this the only copy?"

Noah shook his head. "Den's got the other one. He insisted on reading it. I'm sort of nervous about it," he added, laughing.

"Really? Why do you care what he thinks?"

Noah shrugged. "Well, there's this one guy in it--Larry--who's sort of based on him. I'm curious to see if he'll notice."

Maris looked up. "Larry? Are you kidding? The one who likes Dede?"

Noah nodded.

"That's Dennis? I don't believe it!" Maris started flipping through the play again.

"Like in that scene at the movie theater--that was him?"

"Not completely--but yeah, it really is."

"My God--"

"Noah." It was Dennis, standing over them. Maris looked up. He was alone, incredibly. He really was cute, if only in that superficial way. At least it was something. He spoke more quietly than usual, holding a copy of the play. He shook it in one hand. "I like this," he said. "A lot."

"Thanks," Noah said.

"Um--Is Dede Layna?"

"Yeah--some." Noah had a strange expression on his face. Maris thought how much Dennis's opinion probably mattered to him. It was odd. "Also," he said. "It's partly Maris."

Dennis looked confused. He looked over at Maris. "Her?" he managed.

Noah nodded. He looked slightly angry.

Dennis cleared his throat.

"Uh--are you putting this on up here? I mean, I'd really like to do it."

"What part?" Noah said.

Dennis shrugged. "I mean, this guy Larry's sorta like me--maybe that would be--"

"Yeah," Noah said. "Actually, I'd like to do it here. But I'd have to talk to Kathi...I thought maybe Maris could play Dede."

Dennis started, almost in sync with Maris. "Oh?" he managed, looking over at her.

"Why the hell not?" Noah said. Now he definitely sounded angry.

Dennis shrugged. "I don't know...I guess...well, yeah, sure, why not?"

"I suppose you'd rather have Cindy or somebody," said Noah coldly. He really sounds mad, thought Maris. It made her feel peculiar.

Dennis was clearly confused by Noah's sudden change. "Look, I don't care," he said. "Like, it's your play."

"Yeah, no shit," Noah said. "You know, it really pisses me off. You've got such a crap attitude about everything! You've never seen her ----ing act in your life--"

"Okay everybody, step right up," Maris said quietly. "See Noah McClin attempt to get through one sentence without an obscenity--"

Dennis laughed. His laugh sounded strangely loud and awkward in the stillness, and suddenly Maris loved that awkwardness. Noah looked at her, first sharply. Then he looked down. "I better talk to Kathi," he said. "I'd like to hold auditions pretty soon."

A lot of kids thought it was strange that Noah McClin cast

Dennis Cauley opposite Maris Sill in "Another Summer." After all, Noah and Maris were going out, and what girl wouldn't be attracted to Dennis? It was probably just because they were such good friends.

Maris was sitting on the porch. She watched Noah walk off, script in hand, and sighed. Lately she didn't know what he was thinking. She thought the play was coming along pretty well, but he seemed dissatisfied, if not by the play, then by something else. Dennis? Their relationship? It was so hard, not knowing.

"Hi," came a voice behind her. Maris turned around. It was Dennis. She smiled. "Sit down."

He sat. "Where's Noah?"

"Just walked off," Maris said, a bit coldly.

"Yeah, what's eating him lately?" Dennis shook his head. "Is it the play or what?"

Maris shrugged.

"I think it's gonna be pretty damn good!" Dennis said. "He doesn't give us any credit. I mean, you've gotta admit, we've come a long way since Day One!"

"Definitely," Maris said. She grinned at him. "It's not so hard to like you anymore."

He stared at her for a moment, then moved closer to her.

"Maris--"

She looked down. "No," she said quietly. "No."

Standing on the stage, Maris suddenly felt frightened. It wasn't that they'd messed up--after Dennis's final monologue, the play would be over--and the audience did seem to be enjoying it. But standing where she was, looking at Dennis, she saw Noah behind him in the wings. It was like a reflection. Suddenly she

felt as if she were directing the play, directing the two boys. She wanted to tell Noah to love her, and to tell Dennis she loved him. She knew she could write the play for the three of them, but she was afraid they wouldn't be able to tell which roles were theirs.

Jennifer Fleissner



Elizabeth Janowsky

IT PUZZLES ME...

It puzzles me when people
do things that they know are
not right...

...just to please the
people around them.

It puzzles me when people
are able to open up their
minds...

...but not their souls.

It puzzles me when people
are cold and unfeeling...

...and even they don't
know why they are that way.

It puzzles me when people
don't tell the truth...

...and then
suddenly wish they did.

It puzzles me when people
want to take away love...

...and never give any back.

It puzzles me when people
don't try to be themselves...

...just everyone else.

It puzzles me when people
don't try to make the most of
their lives...

...until it's too late.

-Stacey Kors

You are gone. It is hard.
I am surrounded by pain
and do not show my own.
I want to help, be reassuring
instead I remain silent
and offer an occasional
pat on the back,

I am angry at you. I know
it was not your fault
and I would love to forgive you
But it's not that easy.

- Colin Miner

THE CLOWN

He steps out onto the stage
baggy trousers & bulbous red nose
face a mask of greasepaint.

He skips, smiles,
falls, frowns.

As we laugh, I wonder
aren't we the clowns?

Aren't we the fools acting out
our own masquerade?

I look around me, seeing another act.

I see rows of

smiling masks

carrying on charades

and I cry.

Cry until my nose is red

shiny red

red as the nose of a clown.

- Debbie Cooper

Jill sighed and stared out the bunk window. The other bunks stared back at her, like the distorted view seen through a carnival mirror. They seemed to fold over and tilt, as they always did when soaked and dripping.

"Oh God. Can you believe it's raining again?"

Joanne, not bothering to look up from her needlepoint, said, "Oh well, there's plenty to do around here anyway."

Jill made a face at Joanne and turned back to the window. She hated rain - it seemed to color the world a depressing gray. Hadn't someone once called raindrops 'God's tears'? And rain made going outside for any reason a messy, unpleasant ordeal - something to be avoided. Jill examined her fingernails, noting every white spot on them. She began scrutinizing her ring. She loved that ring - its fiery red-orange stone shimmered with tension and excitement. How could Joanne sit there on her bed and make tiny stitches for hours? Stitches of blue, beige, and green - dull colors.

Joanne, having returned to her needlepoint, didn't answer. Jill stood up and yanked a book off of her shelf. She opened it and tried to read, but Jill found herself looking up at Joanne's face after every sentence. It was an angry face, with lips pressed together in a thin line and eyes scrunched up. But there was something else there. Was it surprise? Hurt? Probably both. Jill sighed. Had she been too quick, too impatient again? Taking a deep breath, she said, "I'm sorry, Joanne."

"Huh?"

"I'm sorry I snapped at you."

"Oh. It's okay - I shouldn't have criticized you so much."

They grinned in relief at each other.

Suddenly, Jill sucked in her breath, "Oh my God, it's 12:40. I hope we didn't miss lunch."

"Yeah, we'd better hurry."

The two pulled on their raincoats and ran outside. The sun had come out.

Now Joanne glanced up. Speaking over the steady pitter-patter, she said, "Why don't you do something for a change?"

"Why don't you mind your own business?"

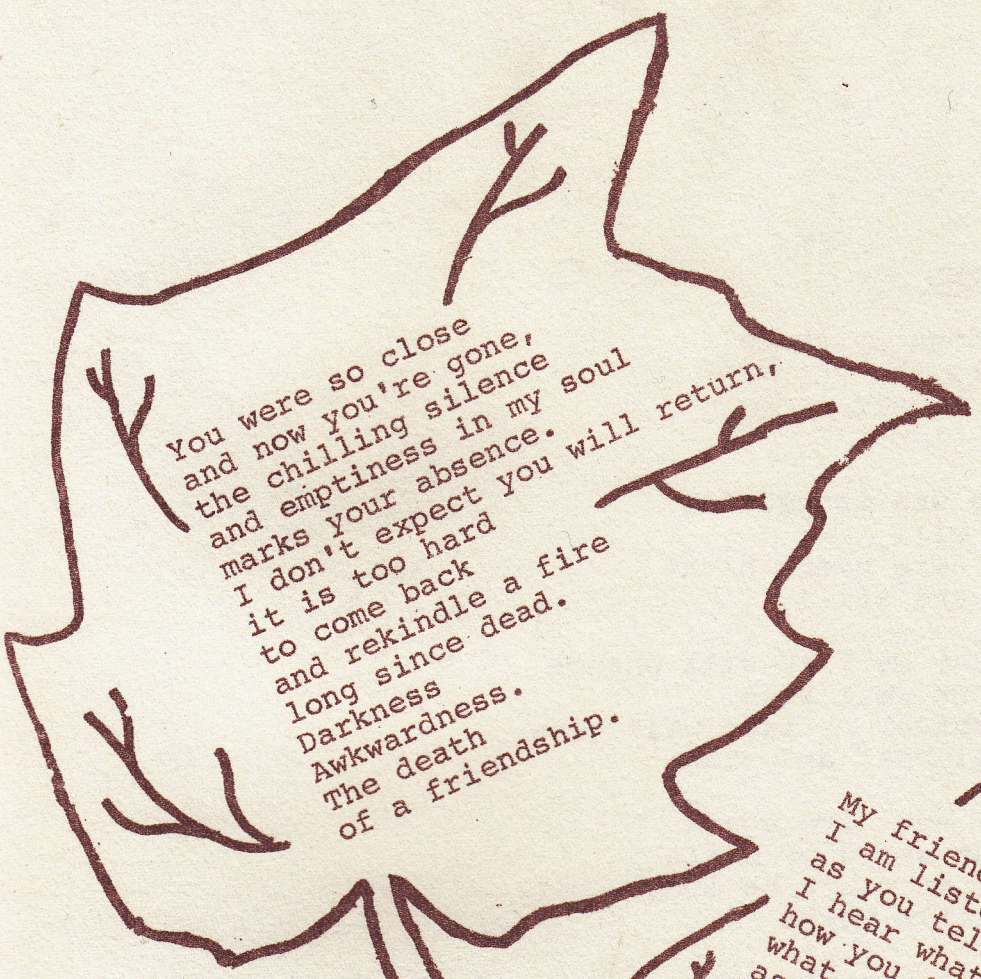
"I'm just trying to help. I mean, all you ever do when it rains at camp is sit there."

"Well excuse me. I'm sorry I'm not as productive as you are," replied Jill, sarcasm coloring her words.

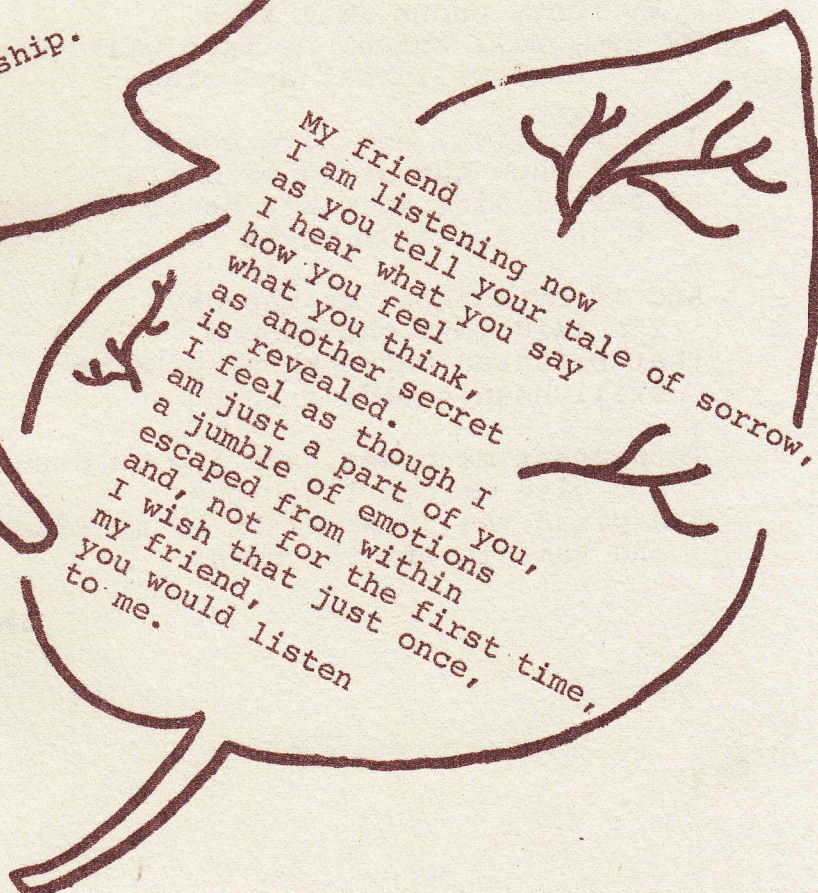
"Oh shut up already!" shouted Joanne. "You're just a spoiled brat who never stops complaining."

Fighting an urge to kick her bunkmate, Jill said, "And you're Miss Maturity and Sophistication, right?"

DEBBIE
COOPER



You were so close
and now you're gone,
the chilling silence
and emptiness in my soul
marks your absence.
I don't expect you will return,
it is too hard
to come back
and rekindle a fire
long since dead.
Darkness
Awkwardness.
The death
of a friendship.



My friend
I am listening now
as you tell your tale of sorrow,
I hear what you say
how you feel you say
what you think,
is another secret
I revealed.
I feel as though I
am just a part of you,
a jumble of emotions
escaped from within
and, not for the first time,
I wish that just once,
my friend,
you would listen
to me.

Amanda Birnbaum

MY SILENT FRIEND

A tear rolls down my cheek
it falls onto the phone
Another night I wait
sitting all alone

There's no one who is calling
no one ever will
but yet I sit here every night
quiet, calm and still

But soon one day my life will change
my rusty phone will ring
my eyes will shine, my face will glow
my heart will beat and sing

I'll be alive, and live again
I'll show the world my smile
so here I sit, it won't be long
oh just a little while

And if by chance, on the day
I'm laid into the ground
that battered rusty phone of mine
still hasn't made a sound

Then grant me peace, and lay me down
and give me one last look
And place the phone right by my side
and take it off the hook.

Dina Paston



R. Jensen



Andy Wilcox

July 20/88



"Welcome to Hartford"

351/1000

1/100 Hiroshi M. Baensch/Don M. Baensch



PORTFOLIO

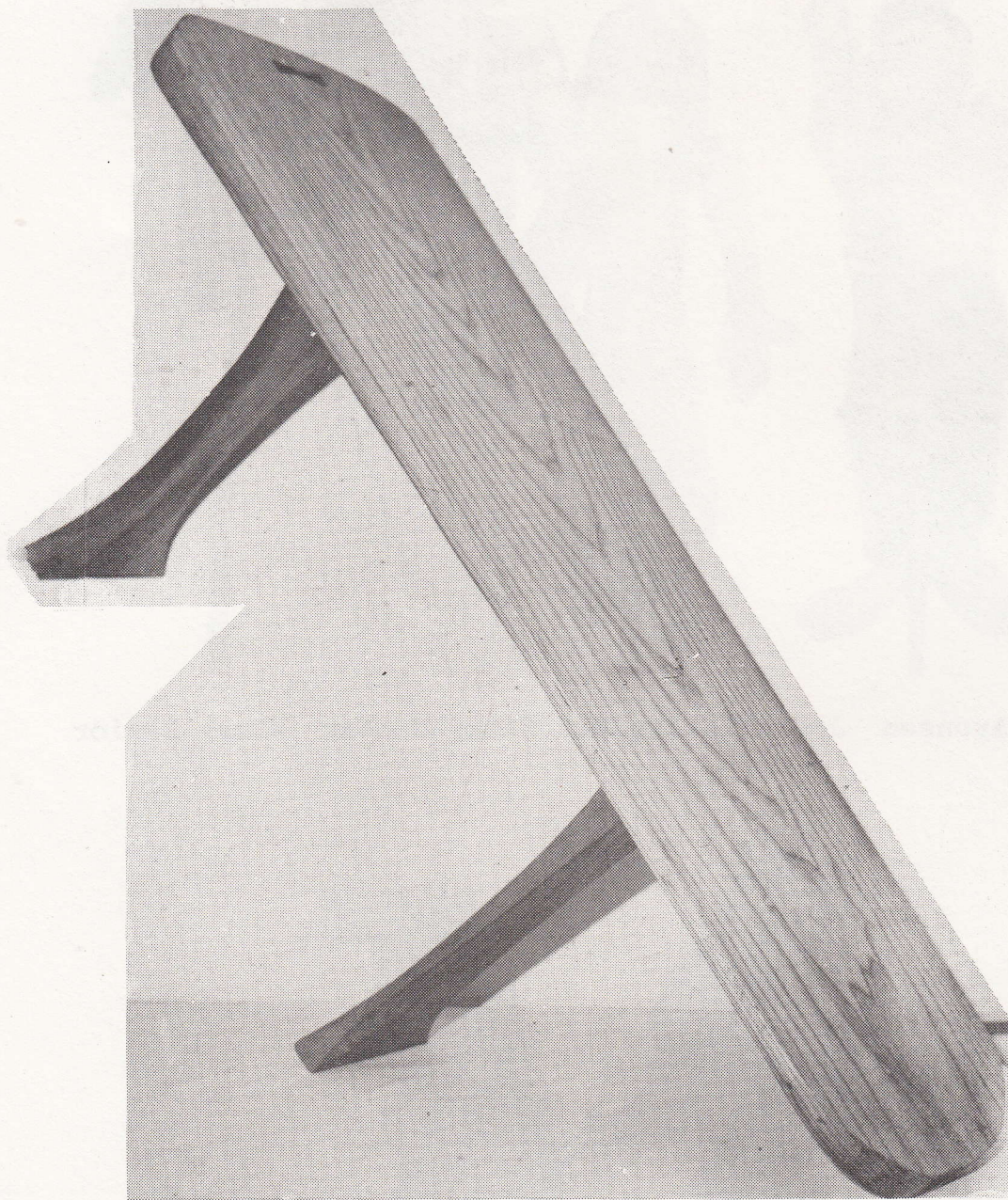
PORTFOLIO



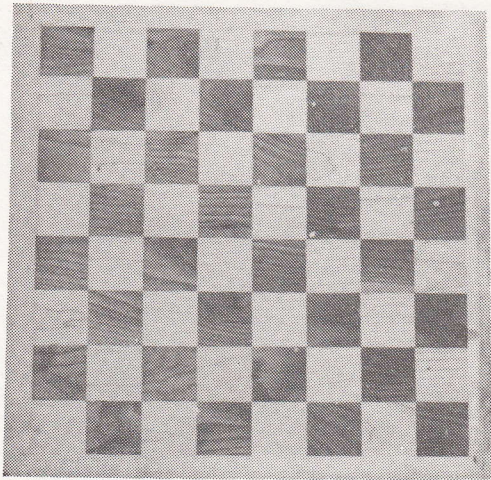
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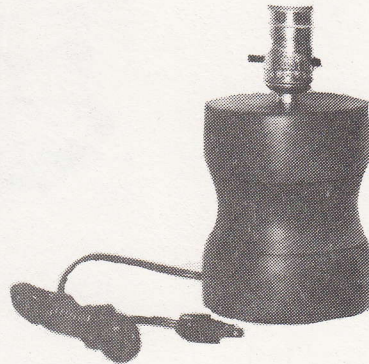
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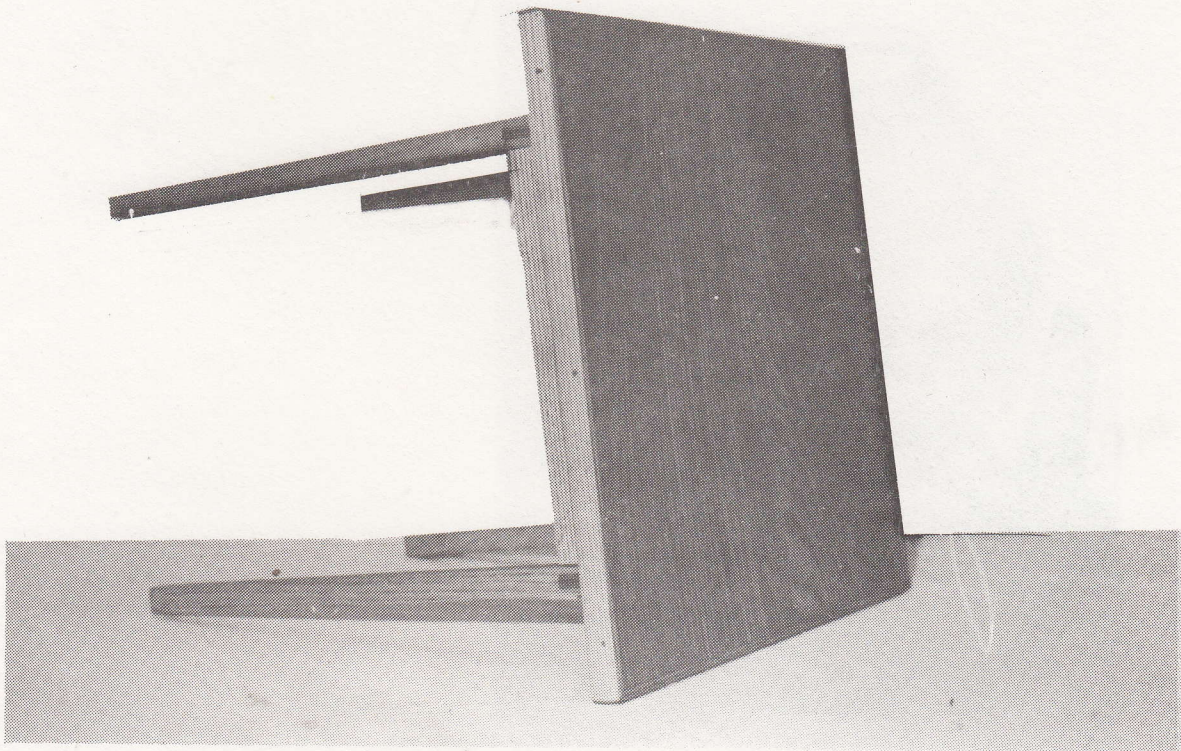
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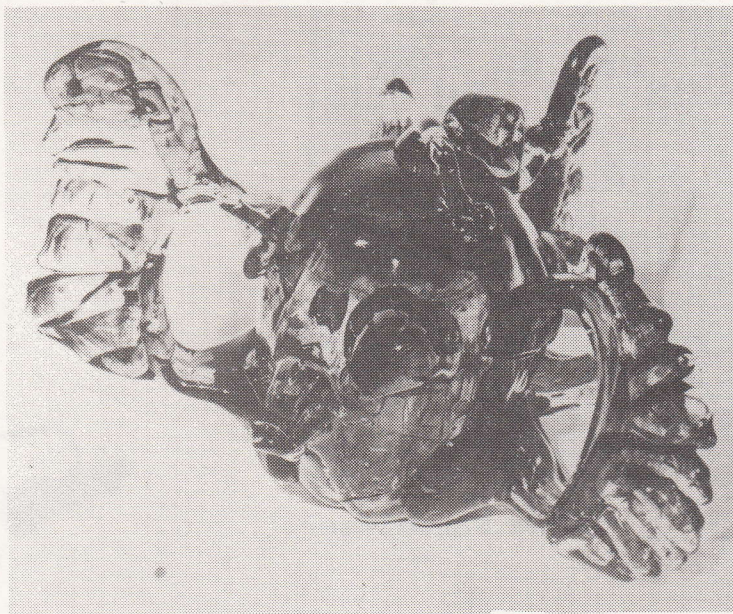
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Jayson Glick



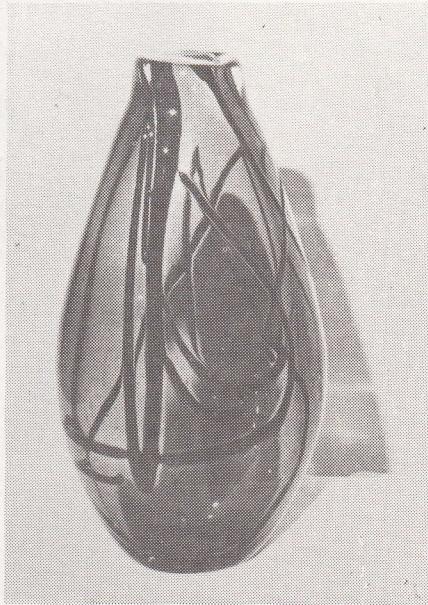
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John Sussman



Nick Gould



Jason DeSalvo



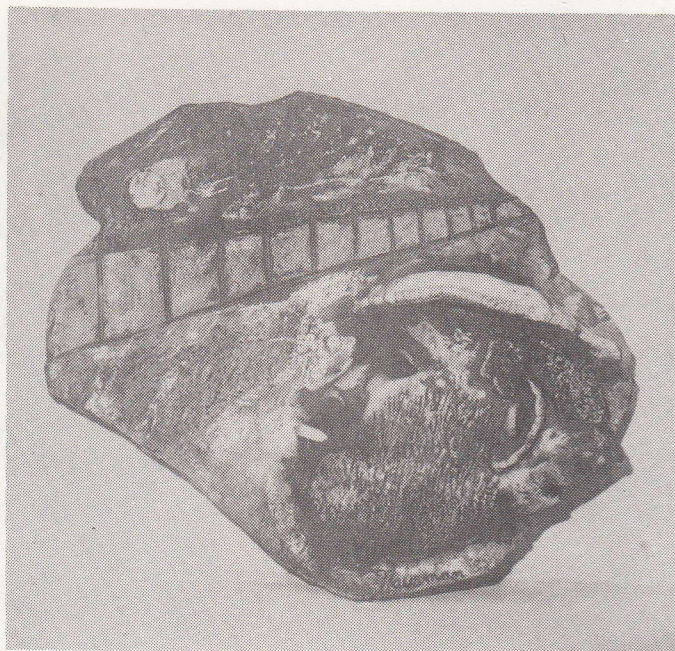
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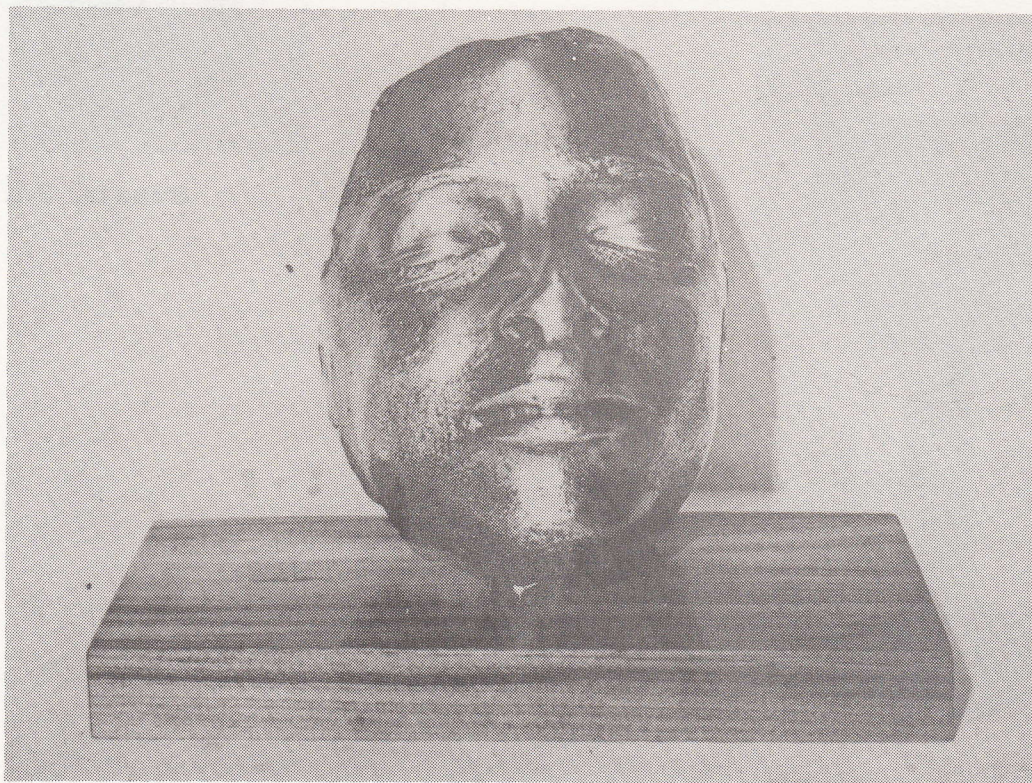
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Jonathan Schwartz



Jim Hausen



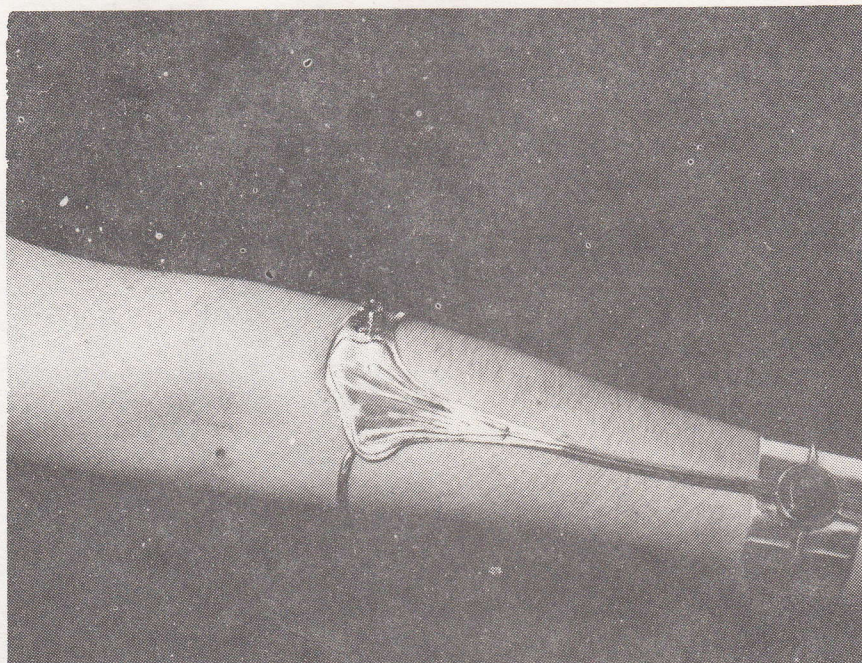
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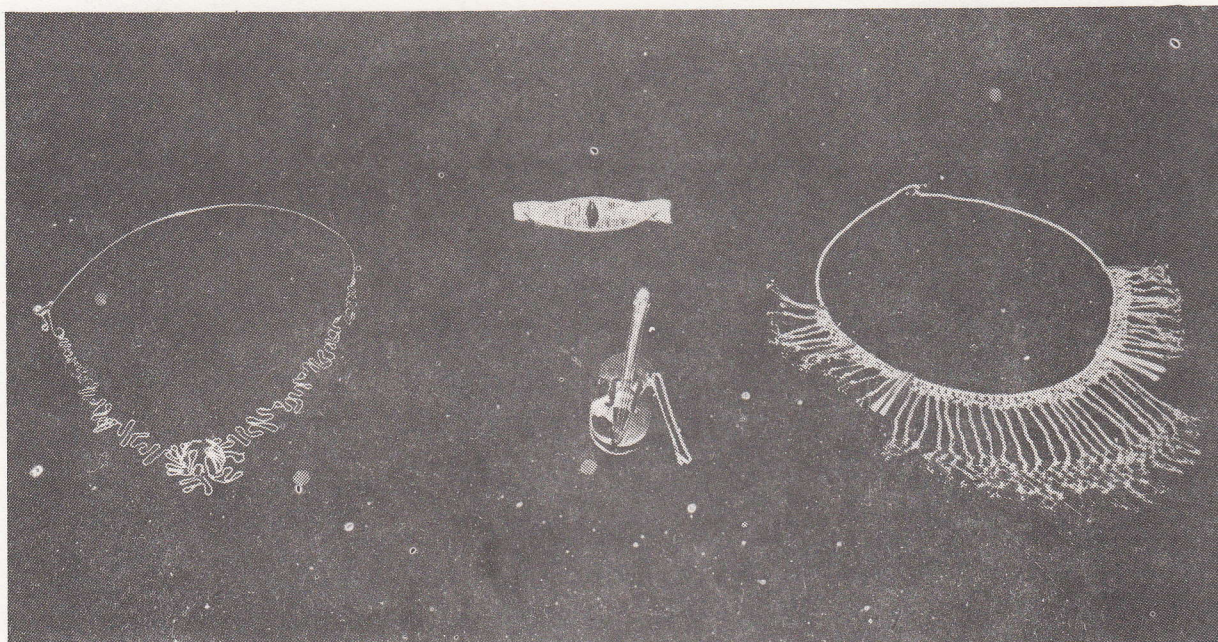
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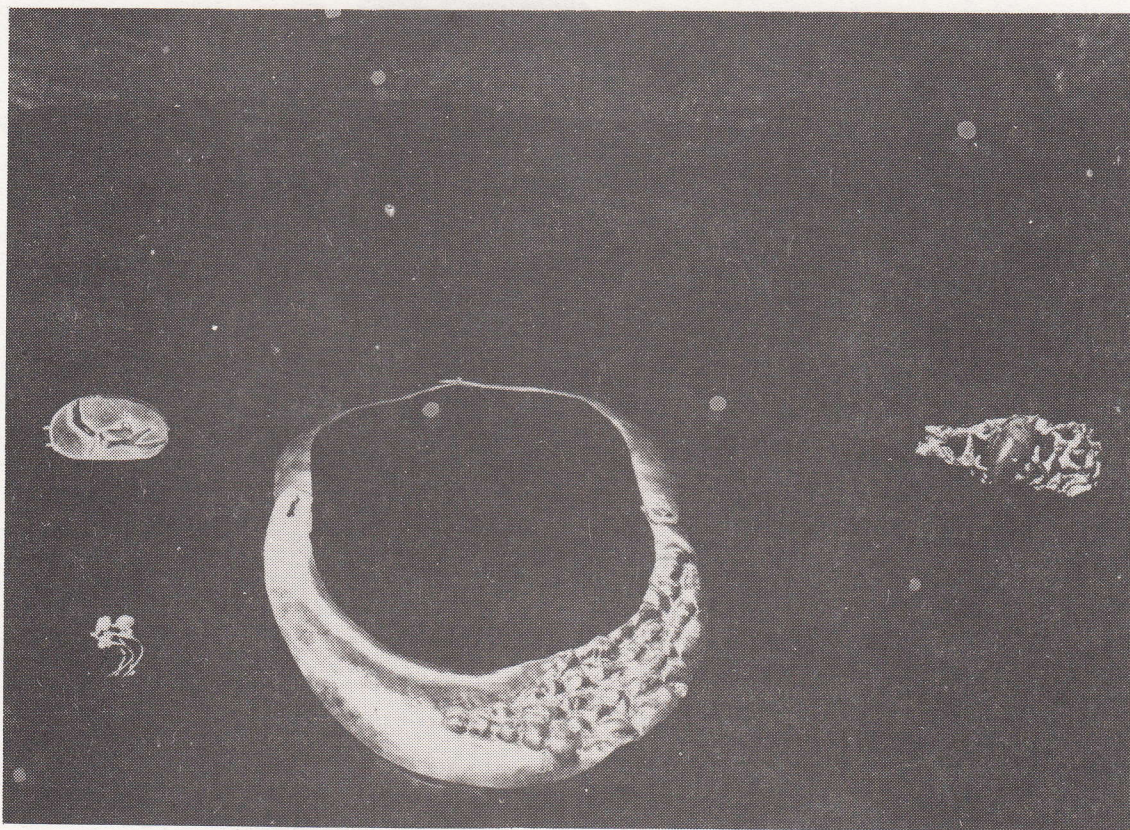
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Donna Grossman

Debbie Weiss
Josh Draper

Jodie Madell

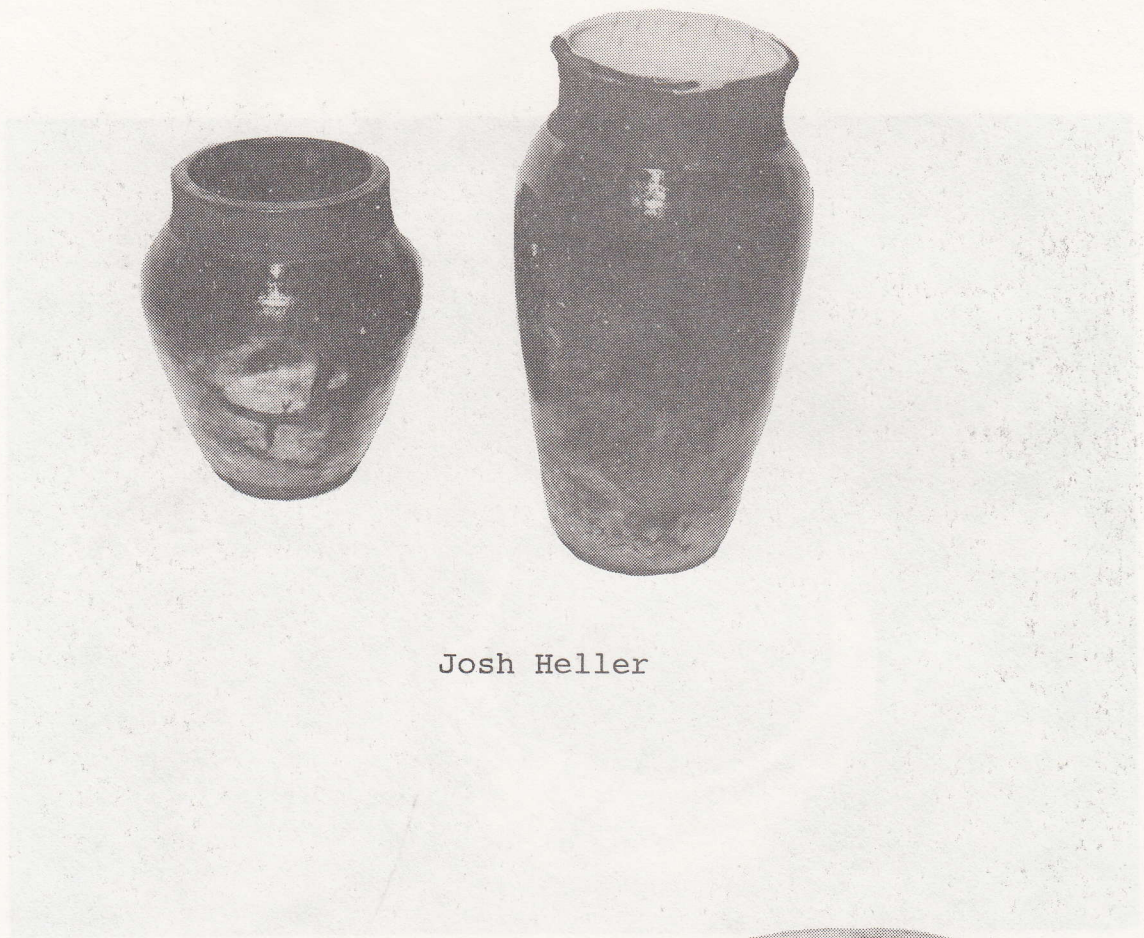


Samantha Epstein

Heather Bernstein

Tanya Friedman

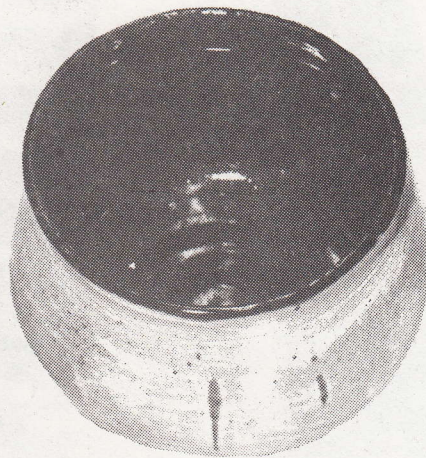
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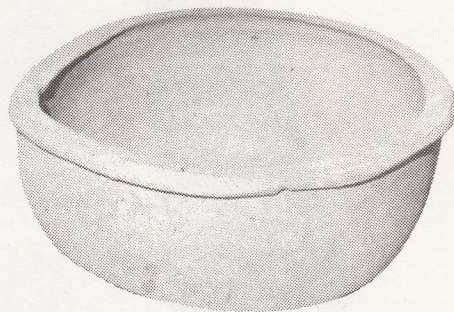
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Jacob Farmer



Janet Rosen



Eddie Kopel



Amanda Birnbaum

Laura Weisman

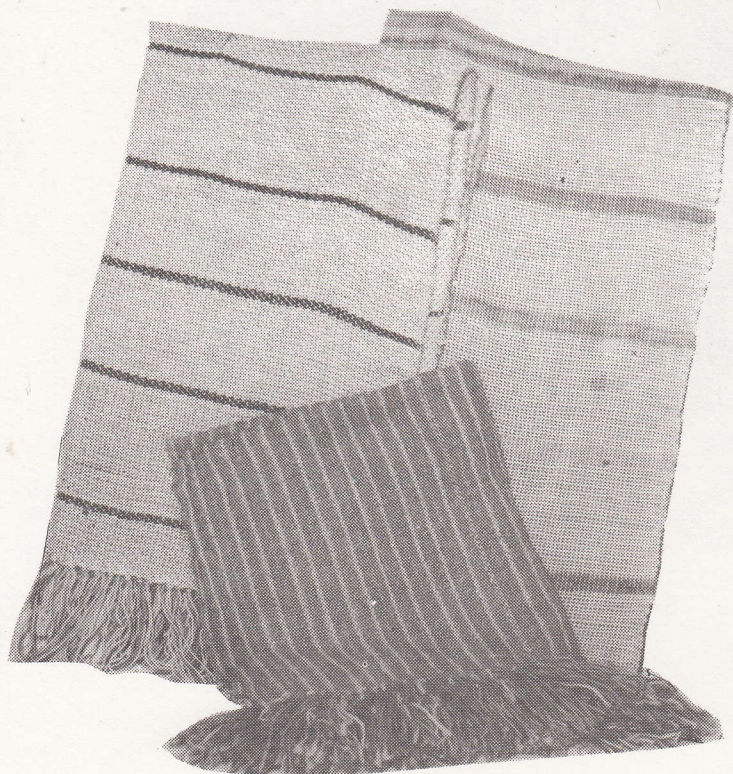
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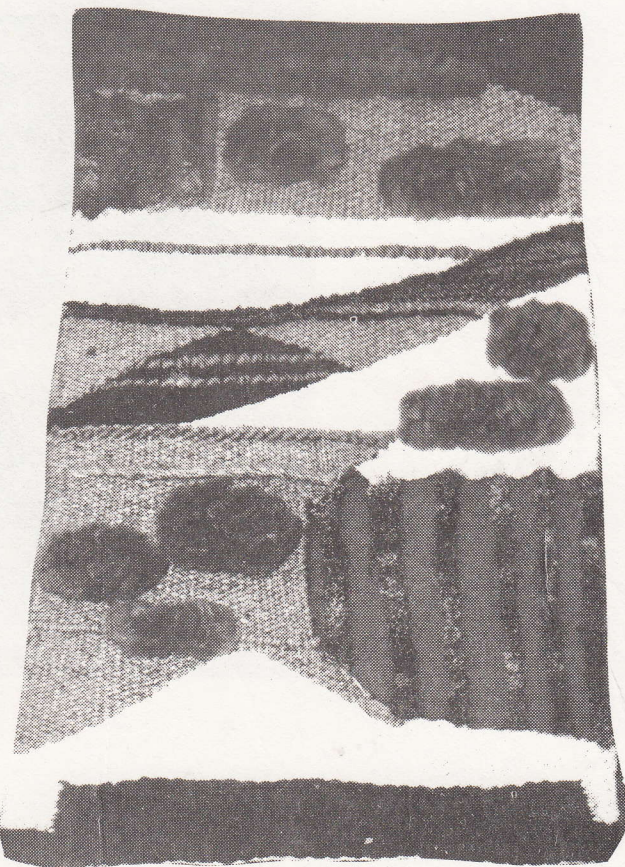
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Laura Wolner

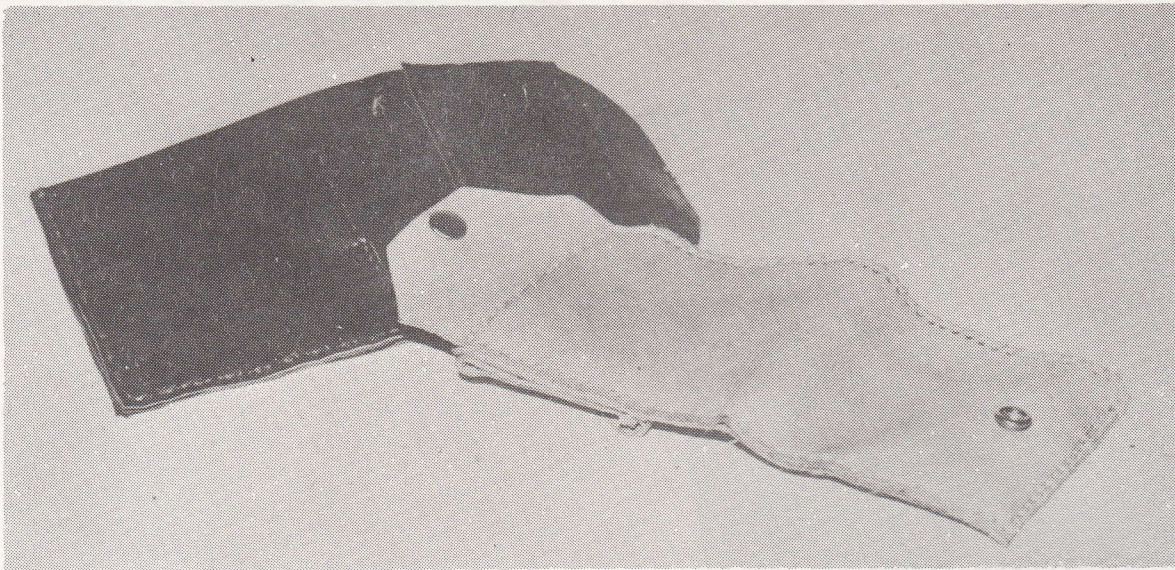


Laura Grollman

Laura Fink

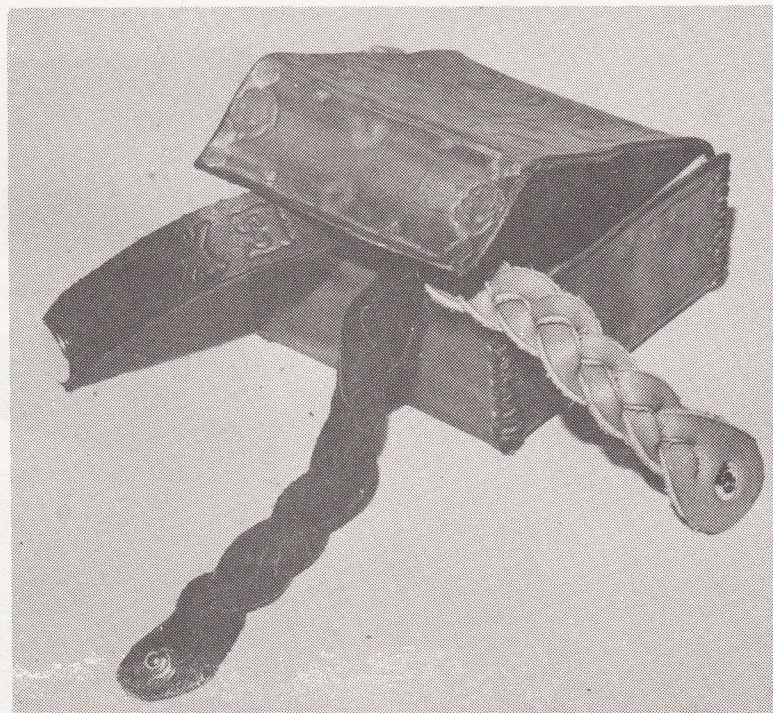


Elyssa Cohen



Tracy Slater

Amanda Birnbaum



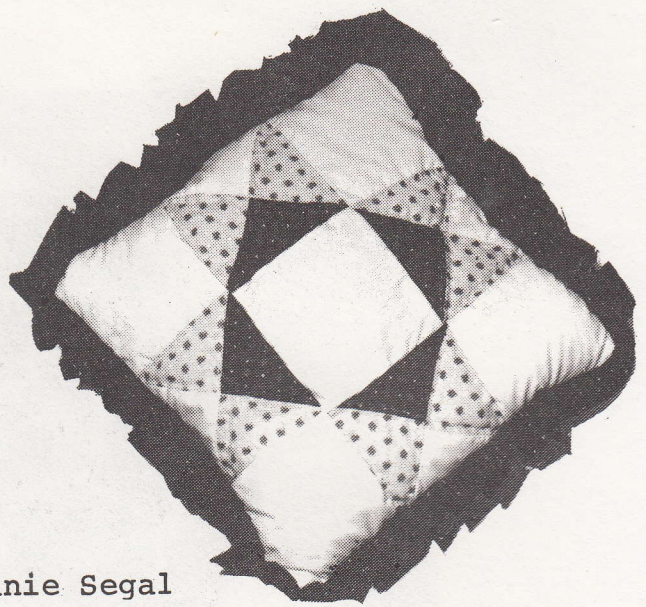
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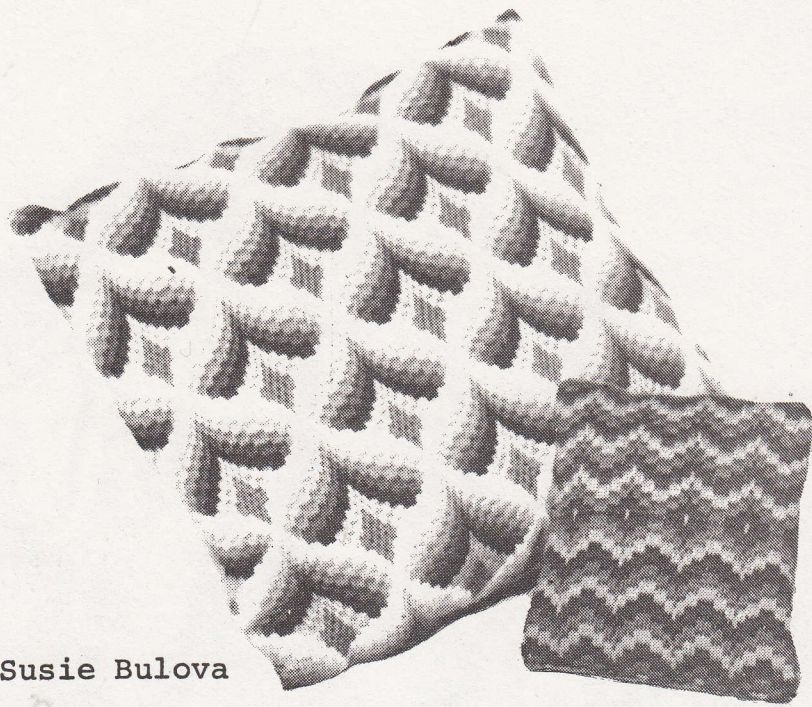
Diana Schlesinger



Jasen Heyman



Stephanie Segal



Susie Bulova

Debbie Popkin



Jessica Weiss

Julie Kunin



Sewing



Ilene Stern



Ricky Simmer



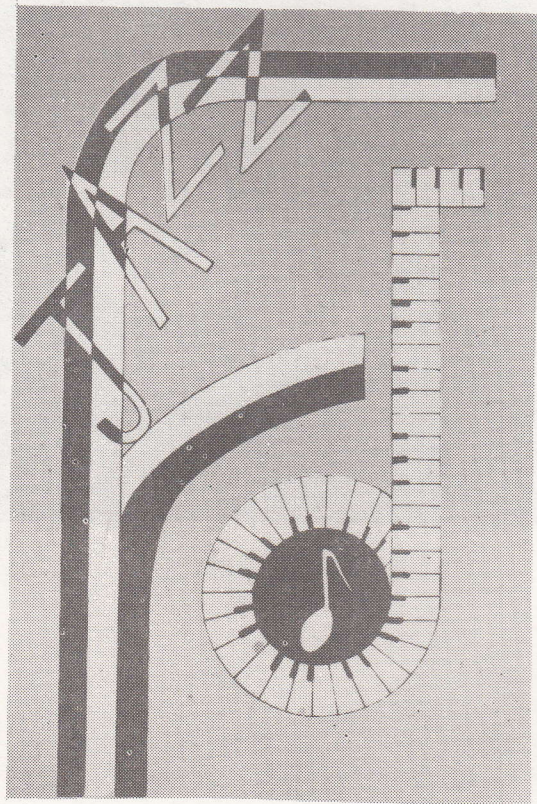
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Debbie Ehrlich



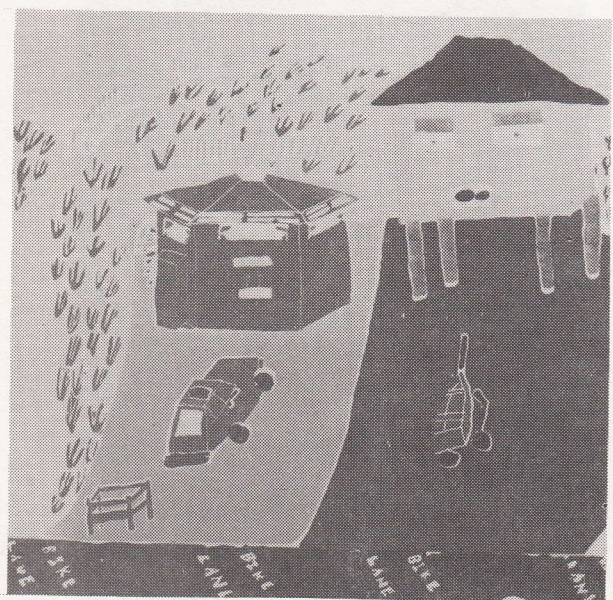
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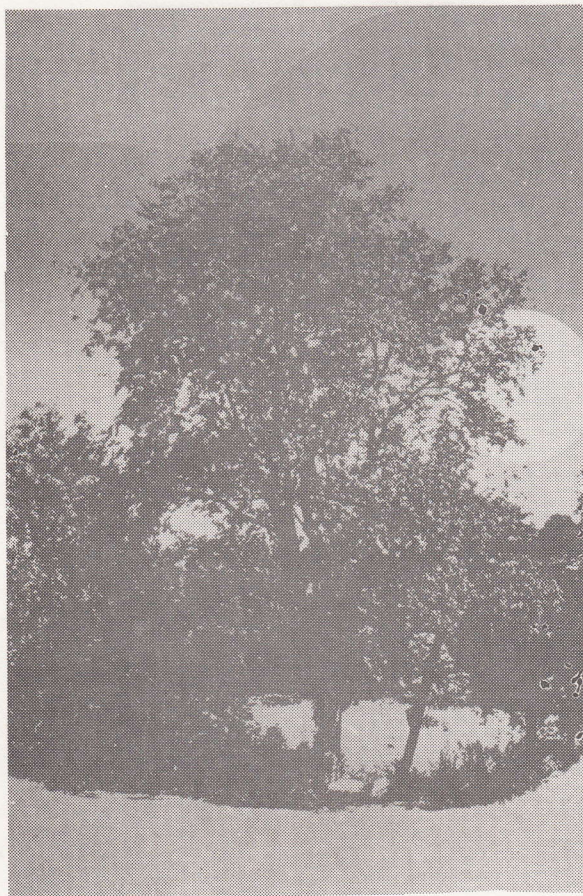
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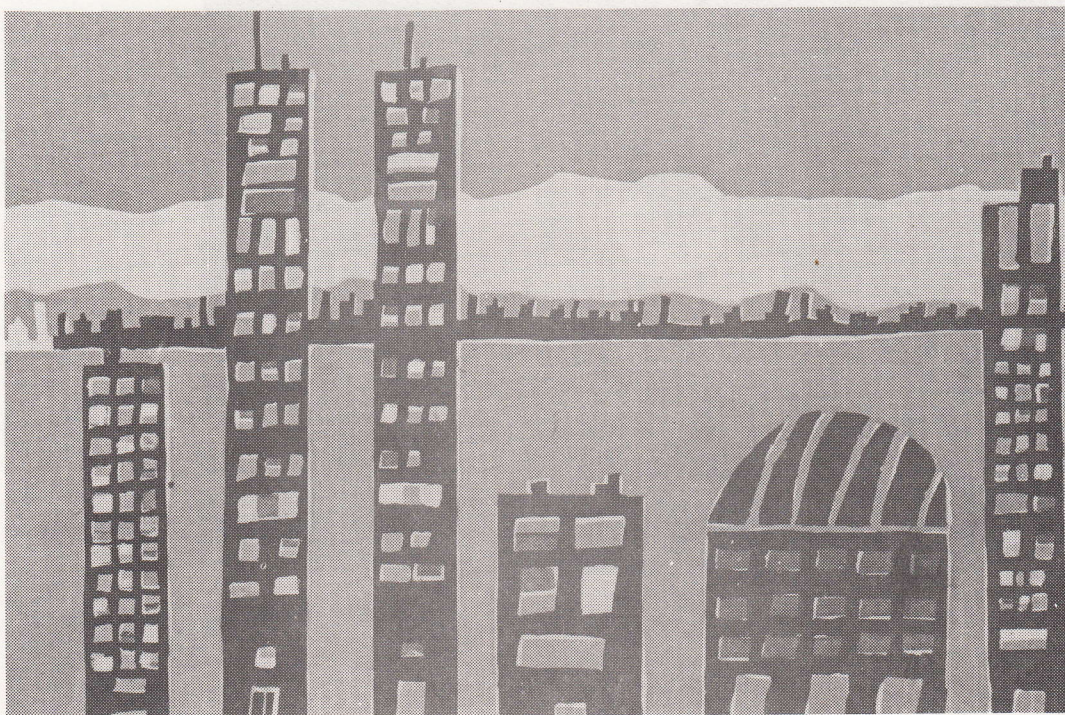
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Russell Pachman



Zoe Newberger



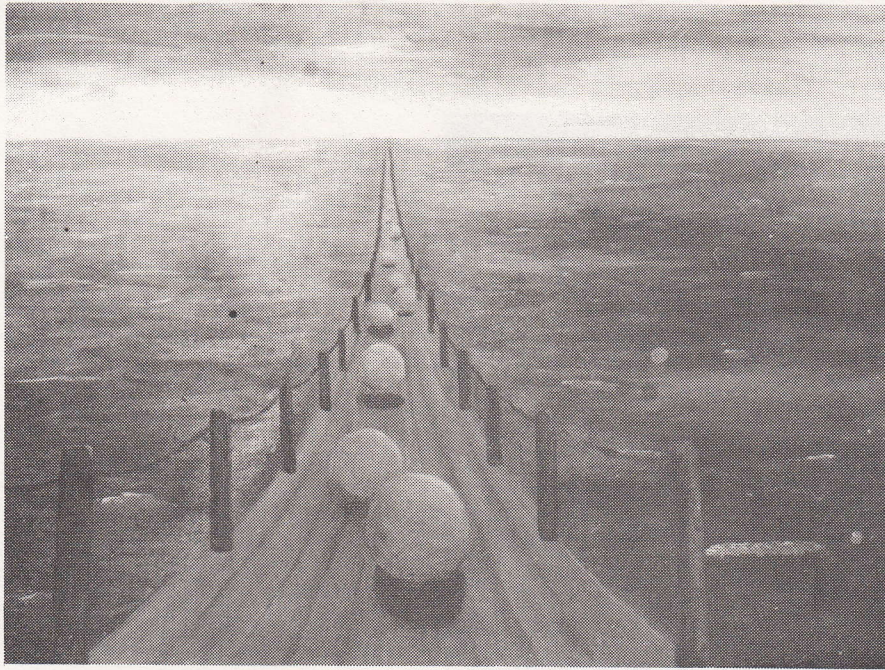
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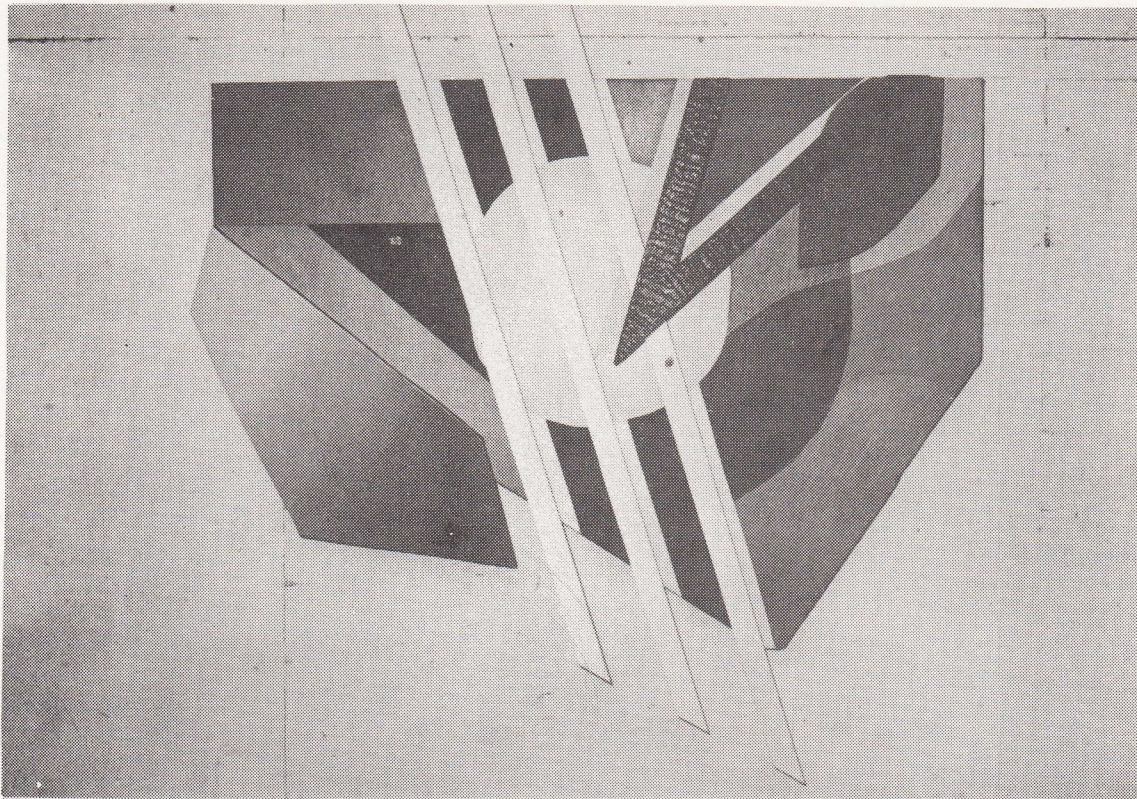
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Melissa Zinkin



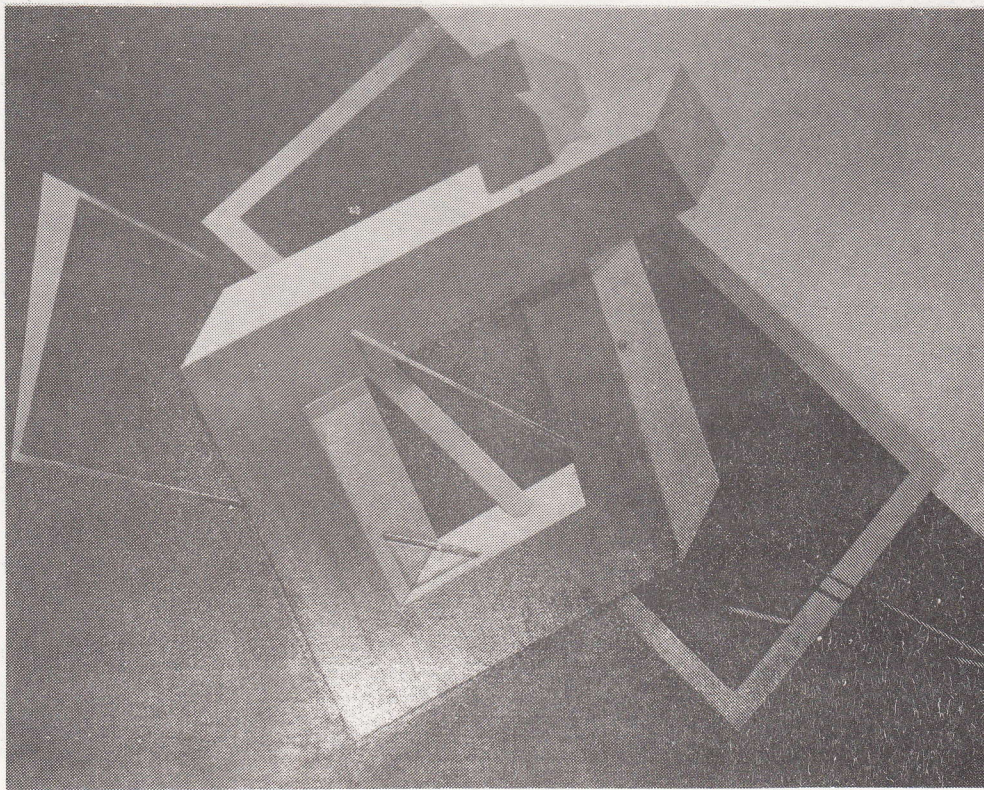
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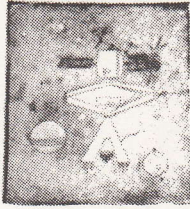
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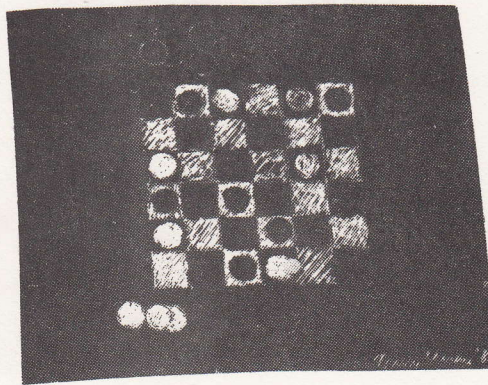
Julie Aronson



Matt Levitt



Jason Scorce



Ellen Zim



Nancy Cherkis



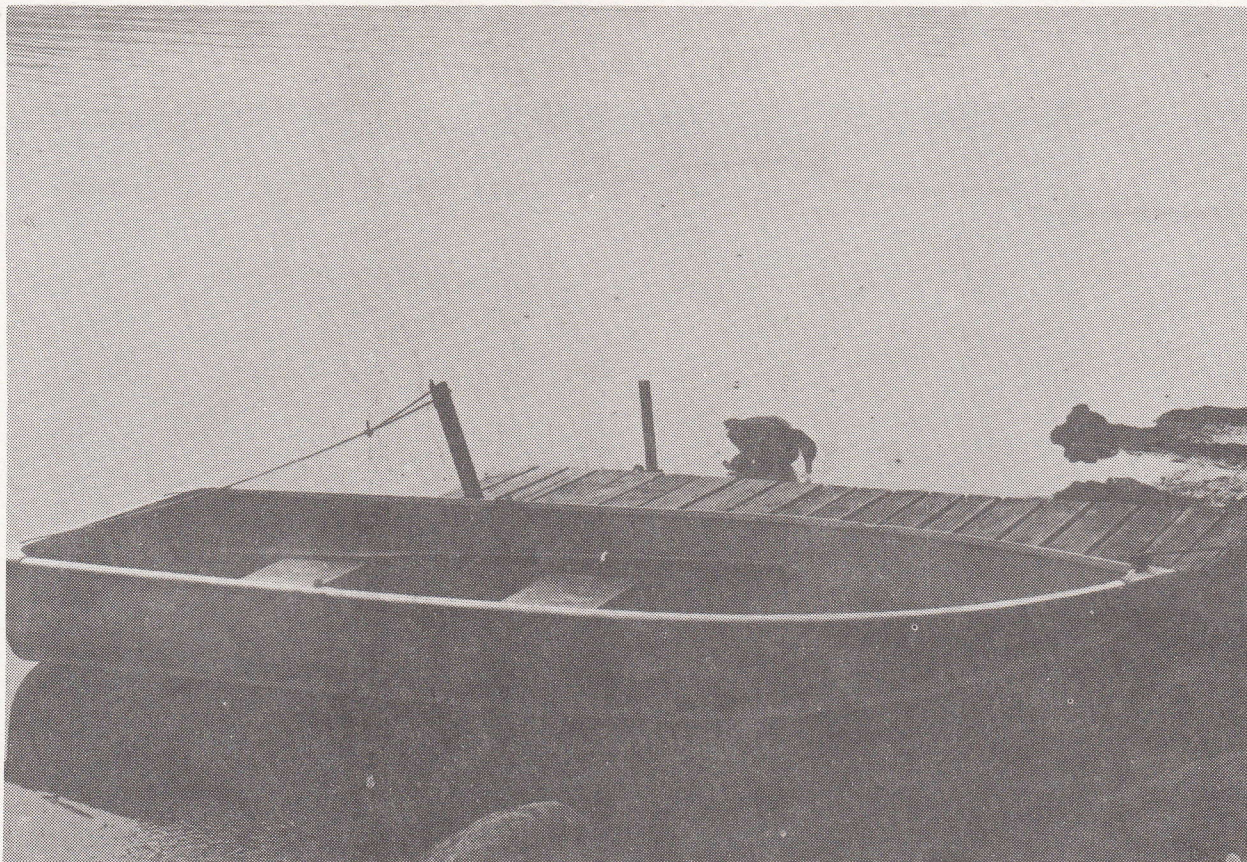
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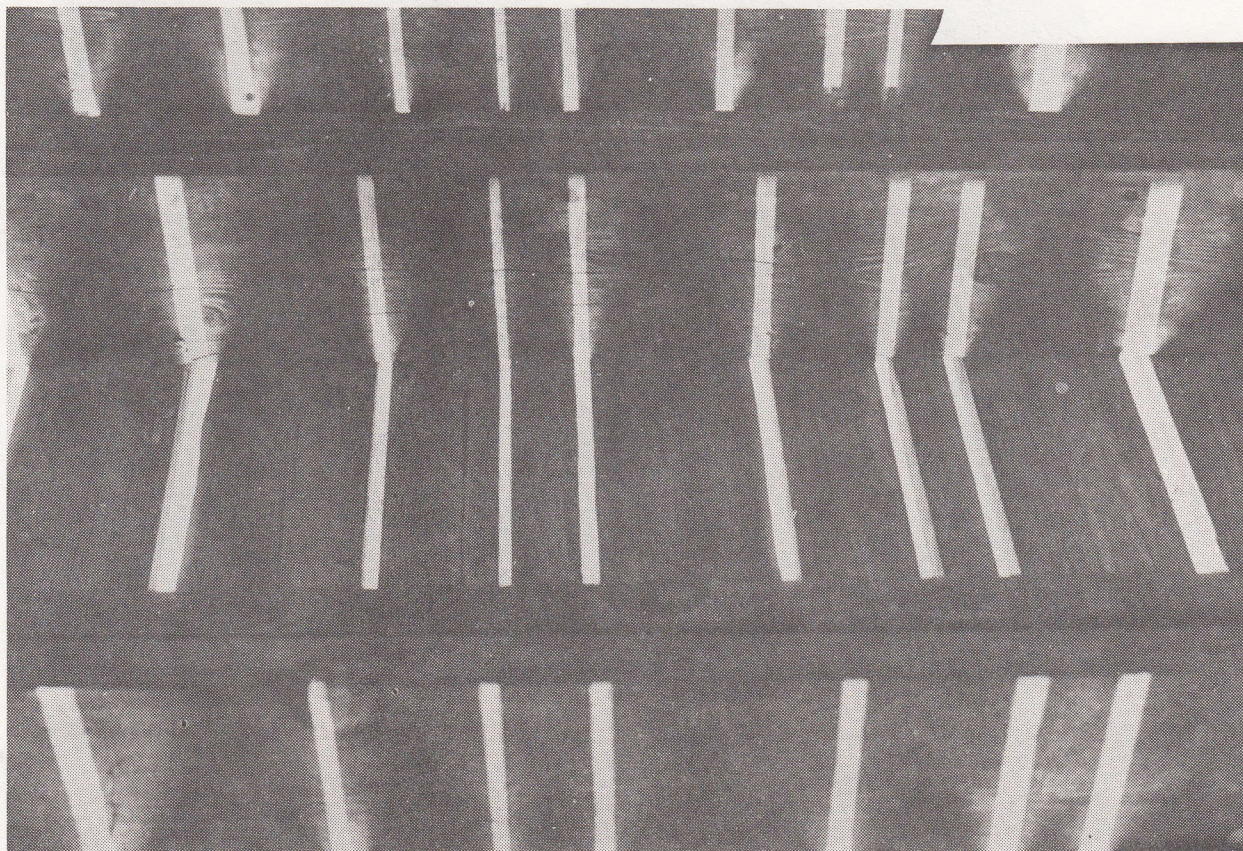
Emily Sweedler



Amanda Birnbaum



Stuart Kurtz



Marc Sznajderman



Debbie Ehrlich

CAMP LIFE

Camp Life is more than just what goes on during non-shop hours, it is our feeling towards each other and towards the camp itself.

Joel Schlemowitz

Camp Life Editor

As I sit at the Pub Shop I have a great sense of inner peace. I feel so at home that I never want to leave. I feel comfortable with myself and everyone around me.

At home it's different. In my school the thing to do is insult and put people down. You must always be on guard and careful of what you say and do or abuse will follow. I know I shouldn't let it bother me but it hurts way deep inside. I only feel safe in closed groups with my friends.

Because of this situation, Buck's Rock is my sanctuary, a place to get away from the pressure and just be me. The norms are less set, and the freedom is something I thrive on. The people here are friendly and I can come out of the shell I put up to avoid the insults that are common at home.

When that shell is open I feel free to express my feelings the way I want to. I can break the "accepted" guidelines without being called crazy or weird. I think this is the true freedom of Buck's Rock, the freedom of ideas for people. This is the reason that Buck's Rock is special to me.

I like where I live but I wish all the kids were like those here. The real strength of this camp is the people.

James Eichner



Michael Lazarus

I looked out of my bunk window and saw nothing but rain. Rain coming down by the buckets. I decided to venture out in the rain. I was bored. I was a little homesick. I needed something to do. I left my bunk and walked towards the Publications Shop. Pub. Last year it was a place I loved. Working on Yearbook had been an incredible experience. But at the beginning of this summer, when I went into the shop it looked barren and unfriendly. I decided that I had to give Pub another chance. I went to the open door and saw Vera Winitch standing at the door.

That moment changed my entire summer, before I knew what hit me, Vera had me on the staff of the Buck's Rock newspaper, The Rock. I felt much better. I felt that I had something really important to do.

The next day the sky was clear. I went to the meeting for the staff of The Rock and was given two stories to cover. One was to be about vegetarians at Buck's Rock and the other about production of the Yearbook. I went off to write some notes and some questions to ask.

I realized the amount of work and research that goes into one newspaper article. I learned many different things about interviewing people. I learned that in writing my articles, my opinions and I had to be invisible. I learned about the issues I was reporting on. I realized that I was a journalist.

There was one more thing that I realized. Keeping the title of journalist wasn't easy. It meant deadlines. It meant work. Time which previously had been for rest became times for interviewing and writing. It meant chasing people down and working to get a small aspect of the story. It meant typing my fingers off and saying that I was too busy for a game of badminton. But working for The Rock was probably the most enjoyable activity I did all summer.

Trevor Kaufman

THE ROCK

When I came to the meeting for the first issue of The Rock I was full of hope for the newspaper. We discussed stories and topics and there was a lot of creative energy. It was a very positive experience. Then Vera, who was in charge, asked if anyone wanted to be editor. This had been an ambition of mine since last year, so I jumped at the chance.

The next day I found out that I had been chosen. I was ecstatic and couldn't wait to undertake my new task. We had some problems that naturally occur with a camp newspaper -- such as people having other activities at conflicting times. We have put out 2 issues of The Rock and are working on a third.

Looking back on what we have accomplished I feel a sense of pride. I remember images -- rushing around in layout to get the issue out on time, the joy when it is finished and the excitement of covering something as an official reporter. Looking back on all the time and effort, I know now that it has paid off. This gives me a warm feeling inside. I was proud to be a part of The Rock this year and I hope The Rock will continue to go strong in the summers to come.

-James Eichner

On Aluminium Cans

Aluminum cans are very useful. At least I think they must be. Otherwise we wouldn't make them. At least I don't think we would. Would we?

on aluminium cans

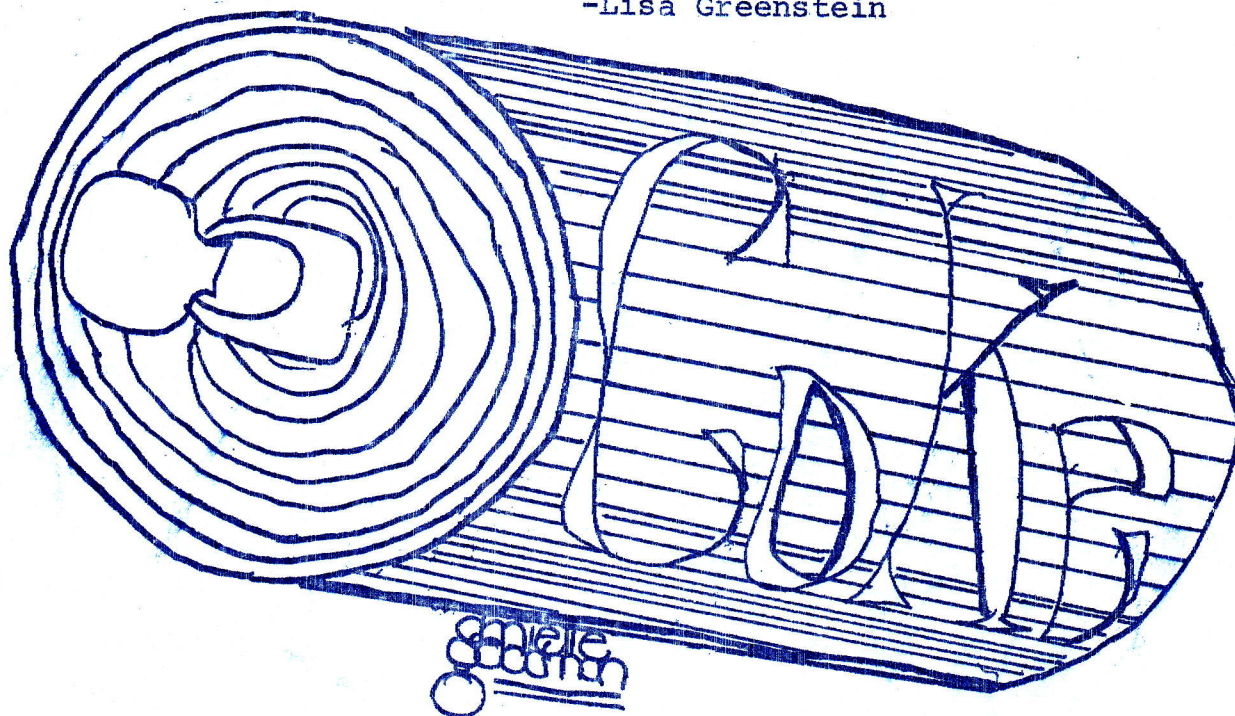
They're probably good for something...

on aluminium cans

Aluminium cans are very useful at those fairs where you have to throw a baseball across the counter and knock down the cans so that you win some dippy little prize like a cheap stuffed dog or something that either falls apart by the time you get it home or gets lost even before you leave the fair and God knows it was a pain to schlep around anyway so you don't really care that you lost it but you feel like an idiot that you actually paid money to be allowed the ultimate privilege of throwing a ball at a bunch of stupid tin cans when you could easily do it at home for free and then if you really wanted you could buy yourself a good stuffed dog that won't fall apart by the time you get it home and you wouldn't have to feel like an idiot afterwards.

Yes, aluminium cans are very useful.

-Lisa Greenstein



I'M LEAVING

By Mitch Pascal

My parents came to visit yesterday. Today is Sunday. It wasn't really bad seeing them, I admit I miss them to a degree, but honestly, not having them around is not the main cause of my difficulties; at least I don't think so. They came up. Throughout the morning, before they arrived, one thought passed through my mind as if in a flashback -- the last time they visited, the second week of camp.

I really didn't know how to approach them with what I had to say, but in any case, I knew it had to be done. I guess their reaction was expected, considering they had planned on a great day for seeing me and meeting new people. They had bags full of things I told them to bring when I called during the two weeks. Finally the time had come. I figured their mood was going to be spoiled anyway, so now was as good a time as any to say it. We were sitting on the lawn, enjoying whatever various foods they brought up, when there was a break in the conversation. I remember exactly as I worded it, too. At that point I gave the necessary introduction and then came out with, "When you are on your way home tonight, I will be going with you."

Anything they were going to do, I guess I expected, whether it was them laughing in disbelief, just staring at me in partial disbelief, or being totally pissed off at me in total belief. Now that I think of it, I doubt my parents would ever really laugh at me.

There was some long discussion I guess. When I clarified that I was serious we decided to walk, or at least they did. They tried to figure out exactly what the situation at hand really was. The main question that I think was in their minds was "why?"

That was a good question to ask, or at least to think, for at this point I still don't fully understand, myself. To come to the best conclusion, I would say that it might have just been a lot of things building up. Now I know of reasons why I felt tension, but I didn't see them until the following morning.

We continued walking, trying to figure out why the hell this whole thing was happening. Once I was in the mood I had gotten myself into, not much would have helped me. I had the set idea of leaving that day, and I thought once I decided, I wouldn't change my mind.

One of the many things I now regret about the whole incident is that I was so stubborn. Obviously, this whole time my parents were trying to talk me into staying. One thing they suggested was that we

" My father was silent , me in tears "

make a compromise. They said they've always respected my feelings and that if I felt as strongly as I did, we would try to work out a fair solution. But being as stubborn as I was, I said, "No." I would be going home that very day. My parents were pretty angry, not just because of my requests (demands), but because I wouldn't even listen to reason. My parents decided that we should find Sybil and talk to her about it. We did this, and the whole thing started all over again -- me saying all I want to do is go home and not talk about it, while everyone else tried to convince me to stay and wondered why I really made my decision. As we left her and continued to walk on, my parents told me the only thing they thought that should be done was that I stay. I said that was out of the question, and that I was going with them. My mother decided that we should pack my stuff and go. She didn't want it to get so bad that I would take it upon myself to leave camp, though I'm pretty sure they didn't think I would actually run away.

Sybil suggested that I leave everything here except for a couple of things such as clothes. I would go home for a couple of days. If I wanted to come back, my space would be all ready for me, if not, my things would be here for us to come and take home. Sounds quite fair, doesn't it? But, even this I gave a definite refusal. During the ride home my mother was upset, disturbed. You could tell just by her expression, for there was little talking going on. My father was silent, me in tears. Even when we arrived home and my mother was in more of a talking mood, to my father at least, I still felt it hard to live with myself. (I'm not implying I even thought for one moment about doing anything "drastic.") So I unpacked my duffel bags and was off to bed wishing Saturday hadn't existed.

Sunday, while we were having breakfast, we decided that everything would come right out into the open. These things were mentioned. There was tremendous tension in my bunk. One bunkmate, Scott, was a real pain in the ass. Then there was Neal, who was also a pain, but both my other bunkmate and I agreed that if Scott wasn't there, maybe we could have grown to like Neal. Scott and Neal fought from 7:30AM until at least 11:30PM. Both felt they had to get the last word in on everything. One would say or do something which would provoke the other, for each always had to get the other back. This had gone on every day for the whole two weeks. My mother agreed this could have contributed to my feelings. Then I also talked about my writing. I began to feel my love for writing was starting to dwindle. I got to the point where I thought my writing wasn't so great anymore, that I never could come up with anything to write about.

There must be something else I could do, they said, with all the shops around camp. I thought. Then I told them there was nothing I was interested in. I still think this is true. By the end of May I decided I didn't want to be here, so from the beginning, I came to camp with a closed mind. I decided I might as well come to camp and try to stick it out. My father mentioned that, even subconsciously,

" I finally decided I would come back "

this could have led to my departure.

Now that things were out in the open, we would try to find a way to fix them. Even through all our breakfast discussion, the only thing that was different was that I was in a calmer mood. To tell you the truth, no matter what I realize at the end of this story, I still feel that the main reason I returned was not to show how strong I was -- that I could make the best of a situation -- but money. Since January of this year, my father had been out of work. I kept thinking about how things were hard at home. How my mother worked all year mainly to make a good summer for my brother and myself at camp. They felt this was one thing I should consider, but not as the basis for my return. I thought harder and harder, more and more, until I finally decided I would come back. They were relieved and were on the phone with Sybil right away. That night after my parents had gone something else entered my mind. The day before, sitting in the car as we were leaving, Mike came to the window. I know for a fact he didn't say anything different than anyone else, but it was something about him.

The first day of camp last year I saw him at the pre-season movie night. He was with a bunch a guys in the back, joking around and having a good time. His arm in a multi-colored sling, he appeared to me as a really popular, jock type-- the type I wished I could one day meet. When I saw him sitting at Pub the next day I couldn't believe it. To find out this was someone who wrote stories and poetry and was a sensitive person shocked me. I never forgot that, and I think subconsciously this could have had some effect when he came and tried to persuade me to stay.

I'm not sure if this changed my decision, but he did talk to me, and I did return. Since a month ago when I left, there have been many times when I've felt like doing it all over again, returning to New Jersey. I haven't though. For I never would want to go through it again. I feel it's been an experience I had to go through, for I've learned a great deal from myself, about myself.

Views from the Downstairs Girl's and Boy's Houses

It was the first Sunday of camp. The CIT's walked into the first, two-person bunk.

"How many of you are in here?" one asked timidly.

"Two," said three voices.

Not knowing how to cope with the situation, the CIT's walked into the next bunk. Just then they saw a small figure running down the hall.

"What are you doing?" the other CIT asked.

"Me? Oh, I guess I'm so tired I missed the bathroom."

These are some examples of what happens when CIT's are on OD. The timid fifteen year olds have trouble controlling their 'minors'.

Monday morning the house counselors are sure to find six people in four beds and food all over the floor.

Sunday night has become a favorite with campers due to the kindness of the CITs.

Becky Roiphe and Laurie Goldberg

On Being A Camper During C.I.T. O.D.

The gong rings early every Sunday night so counselors can have their staff meeting. This means only one thing: CIT OD (ominous music).

"Get to bed!" counselor Alex Nakhimovsky tells me. Beotise Carlisle, my head counselor, says the same thing. Then, seconds after the lights go out, the CITs invade.

"Okay, you little piglets," says one CIT. "Go to sleep or you'll wake up in Siberia tomorrow!" I scoff at him and say something crude about his mother, but I shut up after realizing that a tired, grouchy CIT is not someone to trifle with.

Later, when I find it very difficult to sleep, I walk into the bathroom, but am stopped and told that it can wait until tomorrow. In a few minutes I hear a shriek. It is coming from the other end of the bunk, and sounds vaguely like the kid who has been squirting a watergun at the CITs all night. I walk out to see what is going on. The frustrated CITs have that little kid in something that looks like a most painful Heimlich Maneuver. I decide that he deserves it and go back to bed. I fall asleep quickly in the action of taking apart my Rubik's Cube with a wrench and Swiss Army Knife.

Daniel Bukszman

After reading the article on C.I.T. O.D. by the little girls from Girls House Downstairs, I am indignant, and feel obliged to respond. You see, my friend and I were the "timid" C.I.T.'s who did O.D. for the first week. I am anything but a timid person. They GHD themselves to think they but a scared by Bernie on O.D. We arrived, and having been briefed, at our request, warned procedures, that we'd meant and had, we assured Erica, the counselor, that I leaned back on another body, so the biggest her friends, and I proceeded to little girls, and I had jumping up startled when I introduced myself to each of their cell block, in 15 minutes, and after a C.I.T.?" "Do their queries, such as "Where are you after the thing?", and "Can I just go to keep except room with the girl", moved on. We had no real trouble, next except with the girl who insisted she was allowed to keep her flashlight on all night. We fixed so-and-so?" "Are you afraid of the flash?" I simply right. We fixed that one: after she was asleep, I switched it off. C.I.T.'s: 3, Campers: zip!

On Being A C.I.T. During C.I.T. O.D.

Except for one or two excursions to quiet the girls down, the rest of the evening was quite uneventful, even tame. Our friends upstairs seemed to be having a bit of trouble with one of their charges, and since we were so bored by the seeming inability on the part of ours to give us any trouble, we were glad to help them with their challenge.

Later, we wandered outside, looking for excitement. We spent our time until the counselors returned joking around with the C.I.T.'s who had finally gotten Boys House to sleep. My advice to Girls House Downstairs, if they want to learn to be real troublemakers, is to take lessons from Boys House, judging from the stories I've heard. When Erica got back, my partner and I returned to the cabin, having had a quietly amusing evening.

-Katy Schneebaum

I sit here, alone in the cabin for once. One bunkmate has just left to take a shower, and two have gone to work at Pub. I should go too, but it's one of those evenings when I feel like staying at "home." I miss my real home. I haven't been homesick since I was eight and a half. It's a letdown to be homesick in my last summer, the one that should be best. This summer is good, but as usual, I had impossible expectations.

Karl Finger sounds like he's right outside the door, thanks to the microphone. He makes it very hard to think, or even to enjoy the luxury of not thinking, with his calling pounding on my eardrums.

The bunk is a real mess. It's not even a friendly mess--it's just sort of disgusting. Even though I've seen equally messy bunks, they were cheery--with posters on the walls and laundry hanging from the rafters. I love the way that looks--so countryish and lived in, with multi-colored underwear brightening the room.

My stuffed seal is lying under my blanket, upside down. She looks like the blanket fell on her and crushed her. I recall seeing those baby Harp seals clubbed to death on a T.V. documentary or something--that really hit me hard. I almost cried.

At the square dance, they're starting to play something with a good beat, and I start to rock back and forth--someone just took the needle off, very unfairly, since he cut me off in mid-rock.

I should really put this down and put on some make-up so I can go out. God, I hate my dependence on it. I remember in the summer of 1980, watching my friend and saying "Why do you feel you need eyeliner? I don't. I'll never wear make-up." Then, I got curious, and soon I was never satisfied with my appearance without make-up. It's as bad a habit as cigarette smoking, and as hard to break. Sometimes I say to myself, "Katy, you're at camp, in the country! This isn't New York! Nobody cares! So why do you?" Then, if I convince myself not to wear make-up that day. or if I don't have time, I'll look at my reflection in front of the mirror until I start to see myself as looking okay without it. Still, tonight I don't feel extremely confident or daring, and I need to go hide behind my eyeliner.

-Katy Schneebaum



HIDDEN TALENT NIGHT

2

As one thinks of a hidden talent night at camp, one thinks of a scrawny, ugly, near-sighted girl singing some awful song and forgetting the lyrics. The entire audience then gets up and claps, pretending that they were awake every minute of the performance.

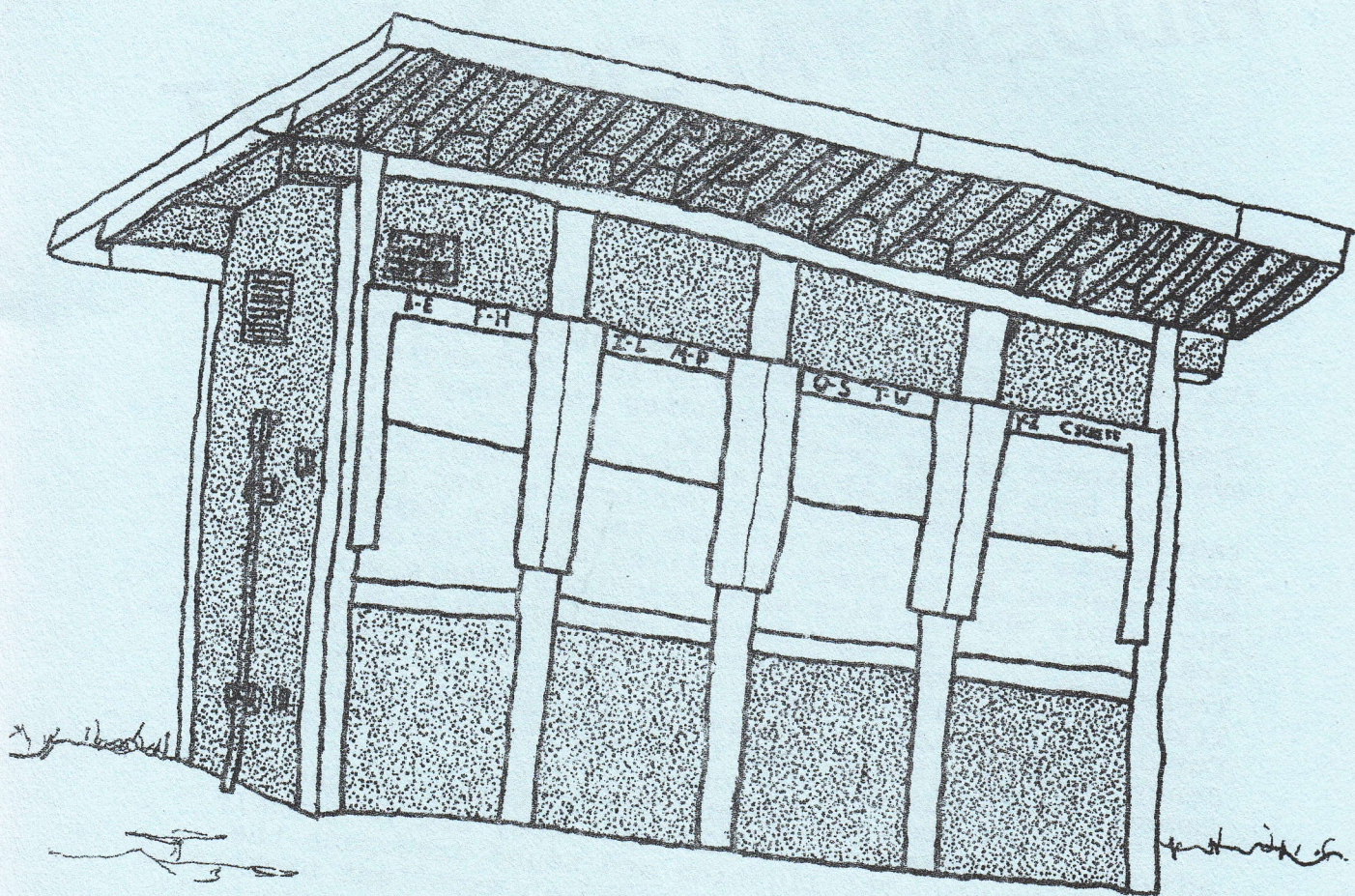
But Buck's Rock is not an ordinary camp. With a fantastic stage crew, fantastic performers, and the facilities and people to train the performers, Hidden Talent Night II was expected to be great and lived up to its expectations. The people who did sing were melodious. There were performers playing instruments from a hearing aid to a piccolo. There were performances from a roller skating act to "Star Trek -4: The Wrath of Haig." The acts ranged from Andy Curtis's satire of an English public school class to Jenny Kosarin singing "Ice Castles," to Irwin Berger's famous "Magic Numbers" trick.

The stage crew was great. They carried the chairs, adjusted the mike and did all that they had to quickly and efficiently. The lighting and sound crew made the show go more smoothly and provided an excellent background for the show. The music was always there to accompany the performers (unless the performers made their own music). The hosts of the show also added to the dazzling night. Jerry Kisslinger (the murderer of Jodie Foster) and Craig Douglas (who was well-attired in a white suit) hosted the show; they were wonderful supplements to the other entertainers.

At the end of the show, Ernst Bulova gave a moving speech in which he talked about the crossroads in our lives. It was a perfect ending to the show.

Leaving the amphitheatre where it was held, I felt that I was right in attending the show. I regretted that I had not been in camp for Hidden Talent Night I. I was impressed by my fellow campers and counselors who were in the show. Hidden Talent Night was a success.

Trevor Kaufman



Todd Bergery

SOON

Right now, I'm sitting here in front of Pub thinking. My thoughts go uninterrupted by the raindrops slipping through the leaves above me. My thoughts are not happy, but sad ones. As summer comes to an end (silly of me, there are two more weeks), I realize that my first summer at Buck's Rock has been the greatest of all the thirteen summers in my life. I have met so many people, people different than most people, people drawn together by a common interest, people like me.

Even as I write, the light fades and it gets darker and darker, only in my eyes, or perhaps in others as well. The people around me seem so happy and busy, they surely must not be aware of the darkness closing around them. The people I have met will soon leave camp. I fear I shall never see some of them again. Even the ten months until next summer is too long.

The events of my summer take the form of balls, each a different color. They get faster and faster and now only a single point. They slowly start spinning around a streaks of color are visible. Then, all too quickly, they are blocked out by darkness. The darkness goes on forever. A dream...no, a nightmare. Maybe it is real. In front of me, around me, even as my pencil creeps blindly across the paper. I still hear people working. They don't see it yet, but they will. Darkness will fall on all, soon.

- Todd Berger





MIKE
EASTON



As my parents' car drove away from the soccer field, tears rolled down my face. My parents had a pained look in their eyes, but at the same time, smiled and waved goodbye. I was filled with strangers, My two friends from a place filled with strangers. But I continued to feel comforted with strangers. I almost felt as if all of these strange new environment by laughing, and part of this home. I was a judge. These judges were going to not like me or maybe just approve. Then a surprise came along. Everyone was friendly. They wanted to

OPEN ARMS

help me to get to know Buck's Rock but more importantly they talked to me. Not that this is unusual but, I've heard that many camps form cliques, and since it was my first time here, I was worried. This camp was different. The very second I arrived at this was not friendly, but all of the staff as well. As I walked campers, but all of the staff counselors sat down and helped me become involved in creating a project. They sat down and gave me ideas and possibilities. People usually do most of their learning in schools. I will always keep the friendships I made here. I will always remember the arms which everyone stretched out to me!

-Sherry Safenowitz

Last summer they put us on BBC at eleven o'clock on Festival morning without telling us beforehand. At ten to eleven we felt the first wave of gratitude. On the air for one last time we talked about leaving and played Animals, an obscure Pink Floyd album. D.J.ing is the oddest feeling when absolutely no one is listening.

This is the last yearbook I'll be here for, and before today I was unable to write anything. Now I begin to realize why, sitting with Vanessa in our cabin. It's only a matter of hours until deadline, a matter of weeks until the end of camp. Already I feel leaving day hysteria; it makes my expression deadpan and my thoughts inexplicably depressed.

Martha, one of the counselors at Pub, is twenty," a Buck's Rock success story," returning after five summers away. She likes to say, "Today I feel like a camper" or "I'm not much older than you guys," but wrote a poem which contradicts this, using returning as a counselor as a metaphor for the end of adolescence. Unlike Martha, some ex-campers remain as staff, trying so desperately to remain the same.

By Pam Renner

ENDINGS

In my first summer here, Mitch was still the head of the Pub Shop. It was his tenth and final summer--he was going to work on a real job the next year. He had come here first at thirteen, a long-haired boy with a round malcontent face. He ended a bearded man.

I remember the night we finished quality checking yearbook. Summer's end was just days away. A few of us stood around awkwardly, with boxes of unbound Galleries, thumbing through the one bound copy. We felt none of the exhilaration of the late nights we'd spent at Pub, now that the job was done.

"C'mon, I'll drive you back to Pub in the golf cart," Mitch said, hoping that it would be a treat.

He fumbled with the keys for a while, then packed half of the boxes and people in. I stayed behind, leafing through the shop copy of the yearbook. It had been promised to the creative writing editor, who was leaving camp before the other books would come back from the binder.

Soon Mitch was back, packing the remaining people and boxes into the golf cart. He jammed the key in the ignition, and there was a harsh jolt backwards when the motor came to life. All the shops were dark and empty as we whizzed by, driving too fast down the unlit road towards Pub. I don't think I was scared, I trusted Mitch well enough to know he wouldn't slam us into a tree. We sat, vulnerable in the open vehicle, going faster than I'll ever see a golf cart go again.

Inside Pub Mitch began to unload the boxes. We looked on: apprehensive.

"What's gotten into you, tonight?" another counselor reproached him and without warning Mitch slammed shut the frail wooden doors, throwing the bound yearbook after them. It landed with a thud, bent all out of shape. Mitch's face was too tense to express embarrassment.

The nature of time is different during the summer. Camp is so short, each day must be more intense, concentrated.

Yesterday we invited Martha to visit our cabin, half-expecting her not to show up. She did, first knocking quietly, and then entering with a big smile. She sat down on the orange crate we use as a step-ladder, and told us that when she was a C.I.T. the exact spot of our cabin had housed a tent, where she had lived.

We talked about parents, and how they would never change, no matter what your position of authority at camp was.

We talked about makeup, how we were "enslaved" by it. Martha was a little puzzled, she found it easy to give up makeup over the summer; it was a nuisance. And we practically crushed Martha as we crowded near the mirror. It was time to leave.

- Pam Renner

pioneering

A 45 minute ride brought us to Black Rock,
The campfire site was a shock.
Lot 67 was where we'd stay,
We unpacked our bags and went on with the day.
Setting up our tent wasn't much fun,
But obviously, it had to be done.
We went to the beach and swam for a while,
Then we hiked for about a mile.
Marshmallows were our midnight snack,
And soon after that we hit the sack.
Thanks to David the trip was great,
And thanks to David, we got back to camp late.

Debbie Kogan and Nancy Rubin



Chris Harper

An Unforgettable Experience

What was this unforgettable experience I had ? To some people it might not be so great but to me it was an unforgettable experience.

It took place on Friday the sixth of August when a group of us decided to join in leading the service at Temple Shalom in New Milford. We each had a part; one lighted the candles and the others read in Hebrew or English. My part was a little different; I took the Torah out of the Ark, read the blessings in Hebrew, carried it around the room, and later returned it to its home, the Ark.

As I was holding the Torah, I was scared of tripping or dropping it. It was really quite heavy. After a short time, I felt more relaxed. I walked around the temple with it, singing and trying to give everyone a chance to reach out and touch it. I had a warm and beautiful feeling, a good feeling that you can't put in to words. You have to experience it for yourself. It was something I never thought I would experience.

Alissa Schneiderman

Going to Watermelon games just to be there...beyond the softball field is a woods, to the left is famed Chicken Hill, to the right is the tennis courts, site of square dances, roller skating, CIT snack...bugs dance around the bright lights, and dance on people's bodies.

Just sitting on the lawn at night last year I would feel a sense of complete satisfaction, a rising contentment. This summer the time always seemed to slip away, and I felt compelled to use every minute. At first the whole summer was before me, then just a matter of weeks.

My bunkmates shower, or read, or play tapes at 7:00; I go to Watermelon games, for me a symbol of summer. But summer needs no symbol. It just is, and when it's over, things are different. If I'd stayed home, or gone to Europe, or another camp, things would turn out differently in my life. Not better or worse, just in a different way.

I heard of a sci-fi story in which a group of scientists traveled back in time to research pre-historic days, being careful not to do anything that would upset the balance of evolution, or alter the future. One man accidentally stepped on a butterfly, crushing it. Afterwards, when the group returned to present-day life, things were radically changed. Politics were different, the fashions.... Even the most minor occurrence at Buck's Rock has served to subtly alter my life, and the lives of others.

Written By

There are hot days at Buck's Rock when everything melts; my makeup, the candy at canteen...it even feels as if my mind is melting. That's the time to collapse onto a Pub bench and study the people. As you get to know them, people seem increasingly bizarre, at least in this microcosm.

Vanessa Moss

Last summer I had three headaches. The first one was when a door fell on me, the second was when my parents visited, the third, a true "tension" headache, was on Festival Day. I couldn't bear to leave camp and the people at camp. Those people...they'll never fit any "Pepsi generation" or Coca-Cola "slice of life" commercials. They'll fit novels, or newspaper headlines, or magazine articles, or they might fit nothing at all, except Buck's Rock.

MICROCOSM

NOT A FAN

We sat on the lawn amidst plates and napkins, and crushed plastic cups that were drooling iced tea. Lou stepped up to the mike, talking in a tragic, laryngitis-hoarse voice about the folk sing that was apparently almost devoid of people. "I realize that you like sitting on the lawn, or on the ping-pong tables, but it's going to be a good concert..." He sounded resigned, unable to drum up the usual heartiness, and I pictured the Rec Hall not livened up by people having fun, but just grey and faded banana-yellow, dingy. It seemed like a sign of a declining Buck's Rock. I urged a bunch of friends to go, prepared to be bored.

The performing trio were very much folk singers in appearance. There was a round-faced, green-shirted man with fuzzy apricot hair, a woman claiming her origins to be "Cornball Connecticut," wearing a flowered, plum-colored dress, and Winnie Winston, a shy-looking guy in scarlet and black.

In the beginning, I felt proud of my "good deed" in attending the concert, and depressed by the small turnout. Even certain people who I considered die hard folkies weren't present. I wondered how it felt to be a professional and competent performer playing for a camp whose kids weren't interested. I sensed some discouragement when they tried to get the crowd into a rousing chorus. The thing is, the folk singers weren't upset by the lack of people, they wanted to enjoy themselves, and spread the enjoyment. They were peppy, and talented, and did succeed to an extent, so I'm glad I went, even though I'm not a folk music fan.

Vanessa Moss

On Wednesday morning, when the wake-up gong rings, I grab my blanket and dash out the door. I run up to the movie site, and if I'm lucky, I place my blanket somewhere in the middle of the lawn. I am like the others in camp, eager to get some variety of entertainment, whether it be "Superman II" or a radio show.

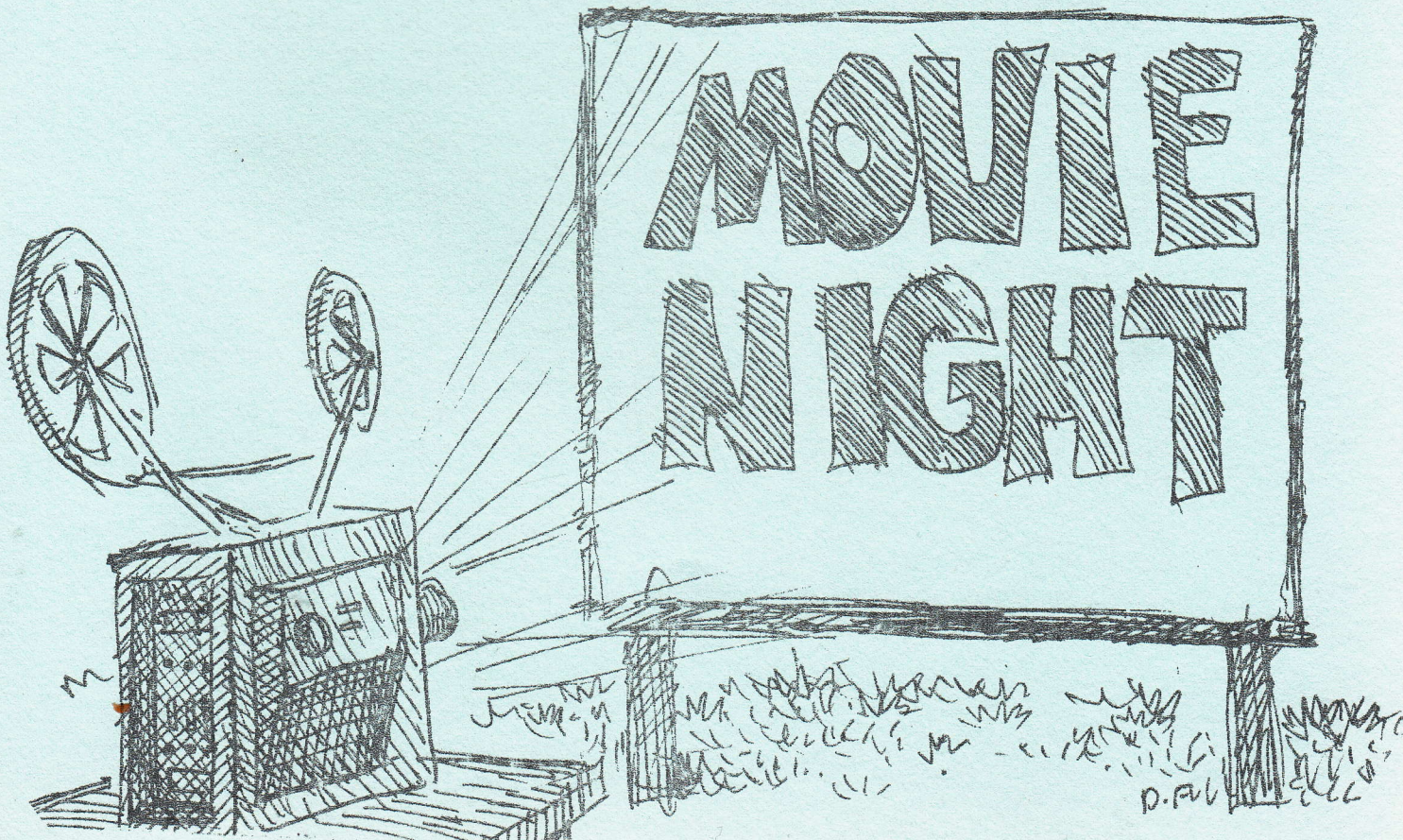
I spend the whole day waiting for the movie, and at about 8:00 I come back to my blanket, once neat and straight, now crumpled up and destroyed. I put down my sleeping bag for later on when it gets very cold, my Coke and my copy of Poltergeist to read before the movie starts.

What makes movie night at Buck's Rock different from movie night at other camps is the films. Here, uncut, recent feature films are shown. At other camps a mature movie is something like "Bambi."

Of course one of the most entertaining things about movie night is what goes on before the film starts. Three girls on one blanket are throwing Doritos at each other. A boy on another blanket is blasting the Clash on his box. Two people on another blanket are...er... on another blanket...Two huge girls (possible C.I.T.'s) are torturing some little kid who has stolen their pretzels. Two little boys are making vile and crude noises. But then it gets dark, and, after a few of Lou's announcements, everything stops and the movie starts.

It's time for the movie of the week on Movie Night...

-Daniel Bukszpán ·



BABYSITTING

The position of babysitter is not well-known at Buck's Rock. Year after year, the same question is posed to the babysitters here: "What do you do here?" When told the answer, people react in different ways. Some are surprised and interested, while others think it's a great way to get paid for such an easy job. What they fail to realize is that sometimes watching a child can be harder than anything else.

Last year, I hadn't met Matthew before I came to camp to take care of him. In the mornings at the sound of the work gong, I would take Matthew from his parents. He would cry everytime; at first I thought it was me. Then I realized that to him I was a stranger who was taking away the security that mommy and daddy provided. This year we get along much better.

Having a child in your care for at least six hours can be tedious. My job entails entertainment in a fun, safe, and when possible, educational way, along with problems that to a child are seemingly unsolvable. Matthew, like other three year olds, likes to touch things that look interesting. He was in my bunk playing with a little crystal cat I keep on the top of my dresser, bouncing it along the dresser. Then he walks over and asks me if I can buy a new one. He lost it and was very upset. I told him we could move things around and look for it; we would probably find it if we tried. The two of us, together, searched and found it. It had fallen behind the dresser. He was very glad we found it and even thanked me for my help.

Then again, there are always the curious questions, such as, "What are bunny rabbits made of?" or "What are you doing that for?" These questions have to be handled delicately. You have to answer truthfully in an easily understandable way for the child.

I like the teaching part of the job best. I like the way I feel when I teach Matthew something new and he remembers it and tells his parents about it. For example, there is a song called "The Chocolate Ice Cream Cone" that my father taught me. This summer I passed it on to Matthew. He picked it up quickly, and we sing it as we walk down Buck's Rock Road.

Returning a child to his parents the same way he was given to you is also part of a babysitter's job. This is probably the hardest part; children hardly sit still and turning your back for a moment can result in disaster.



Debbie Ehrlich

Matty and I get along together because I treat him as a person. I treat him with love and respect and according to his needs. He realizes this and is very cooperative. I feel if you look down upon a child, then he will be disobedient to get attention.

A child's mind is so simple, yet so complex. He tries to understand all the big and little details, while adults concentrate on the main idea. Although a child may not understand everything, he understands so much more than we realize. While trying to teach Matthew what I know, I listen to him because there is something I can learn from him.

Next time you meet a babysitter at Buck's Rock and think she has an easy job, stop and think: "Could you handle being a substitute for Mommy and a teacher all in one day?"

"The Babysitter"

Teresa Mathiasen



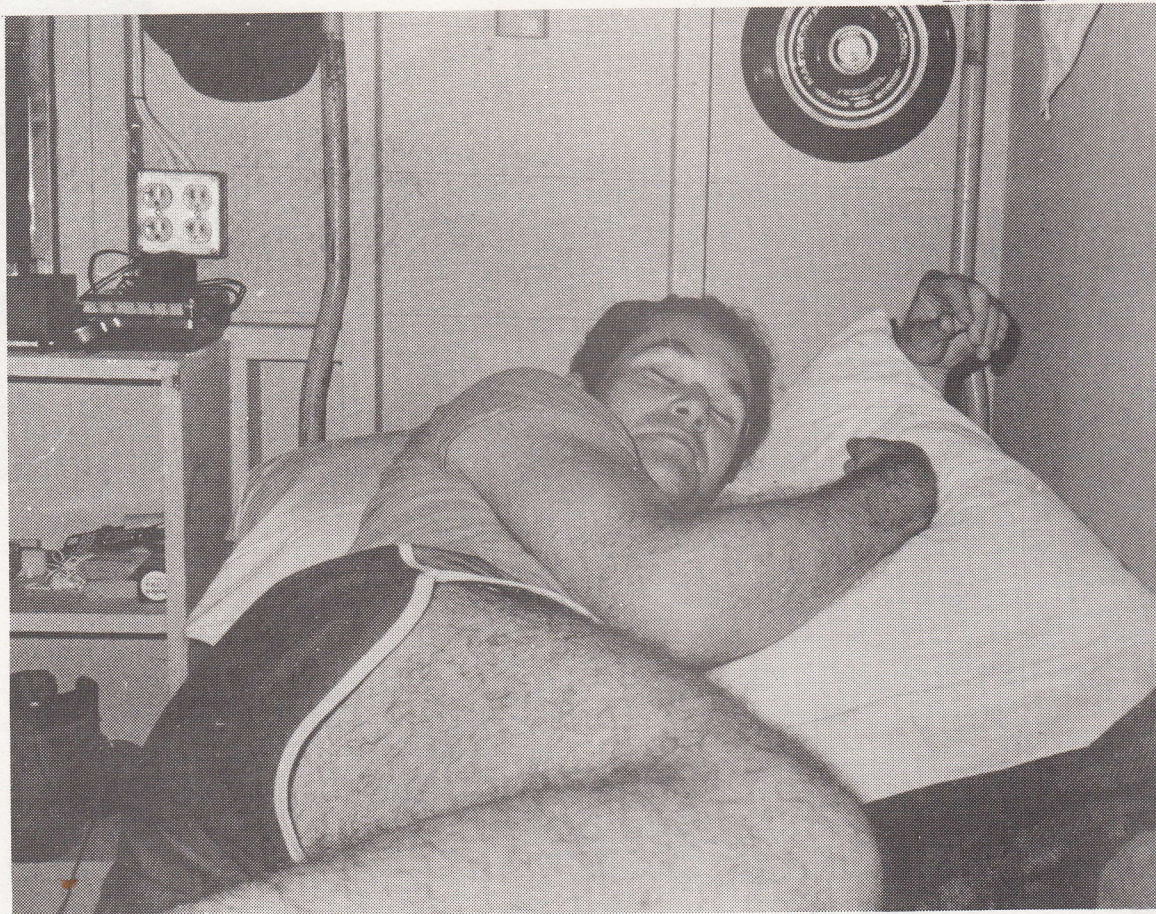
Zachary Karabell



Stuart Bernstein



Zak Karabell



Neal Simkowitz



Stuart Bernstein



Ileen Stern



Robert Bender



Jason Glick



Aaron Kromash



Katie Roiphe



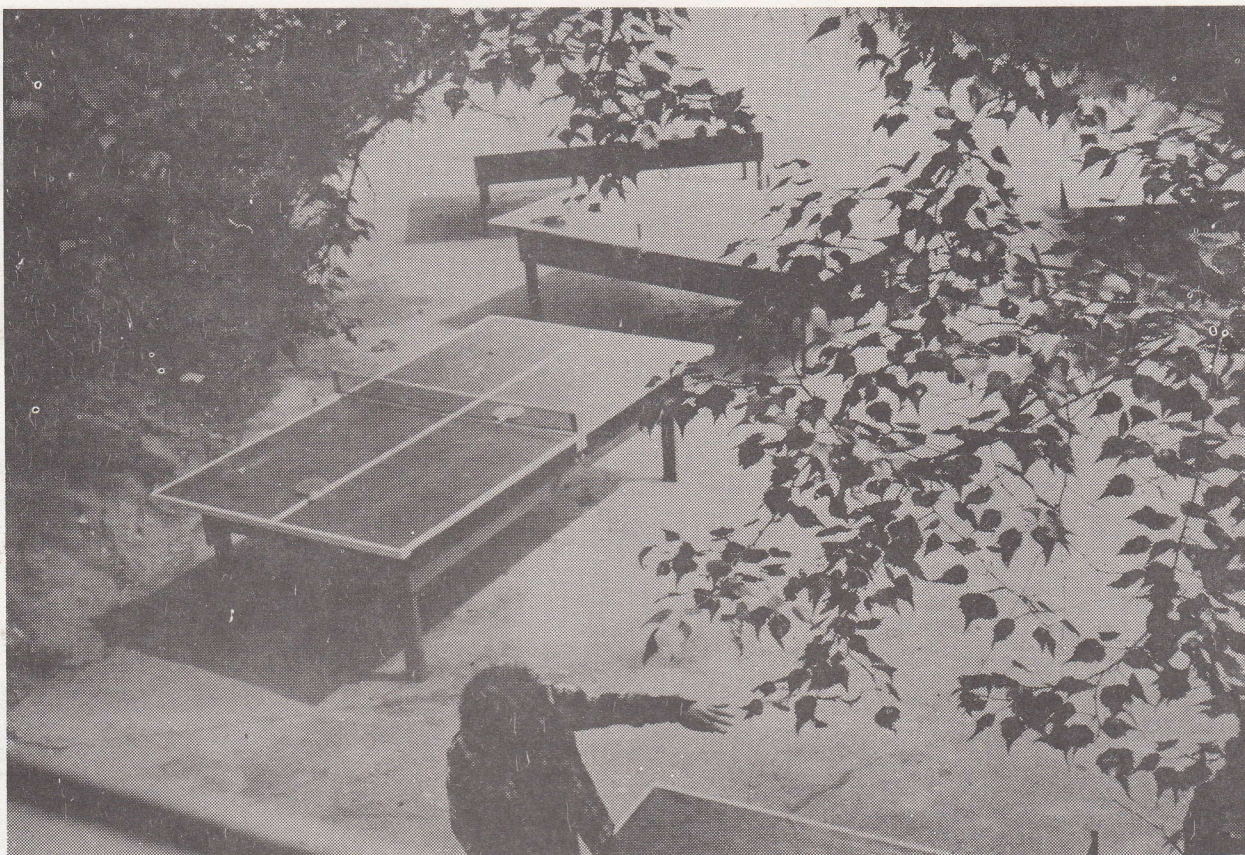
Brian Snapper



Julia Mickenberg



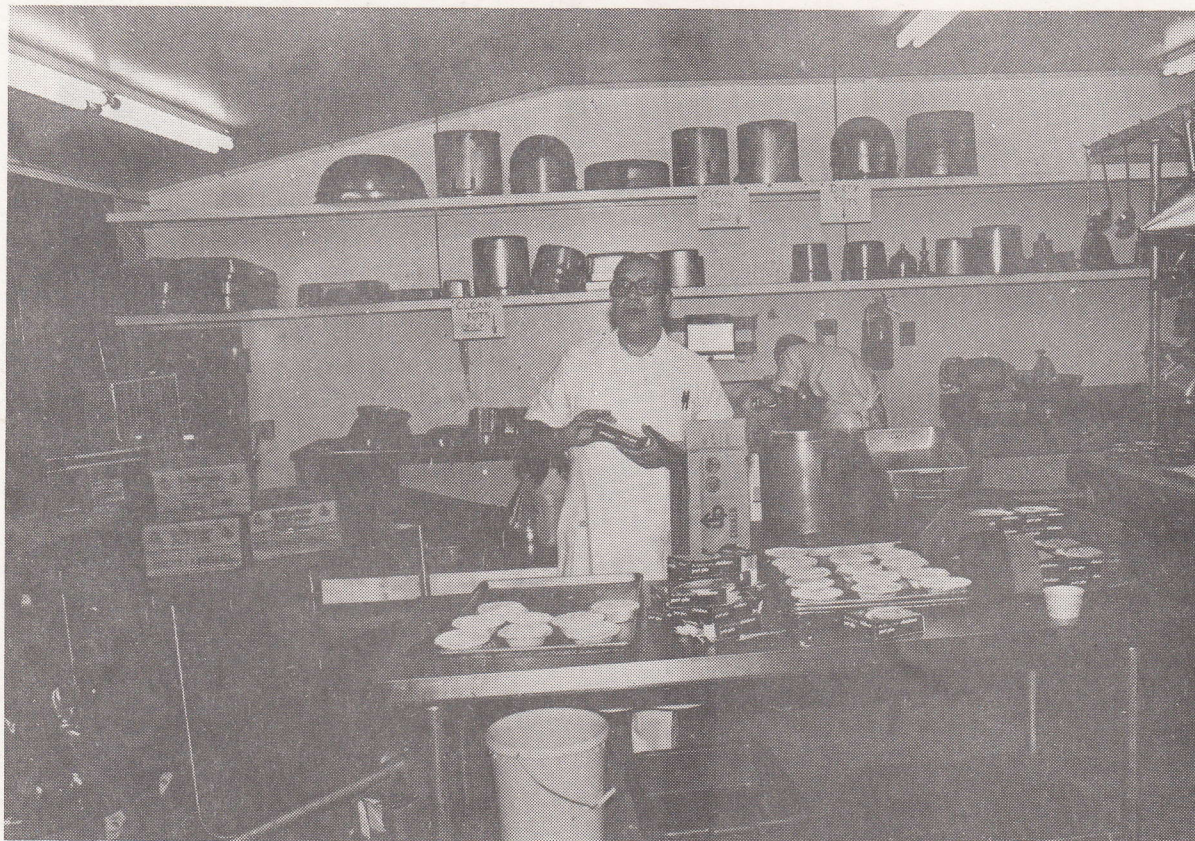
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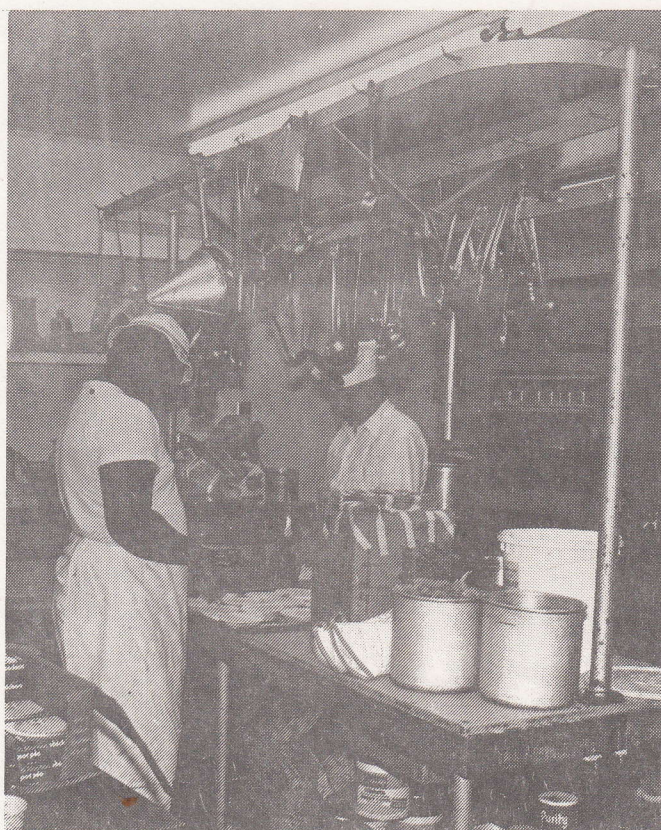
James Atkins



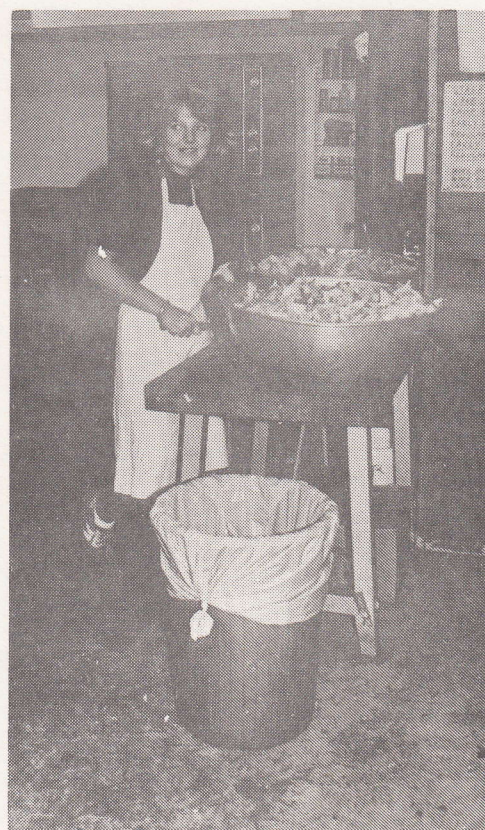
Julie Simon



Stuart Bernstein



Stuart Bernstein



Stuart Bernstein



Zachary Karabell



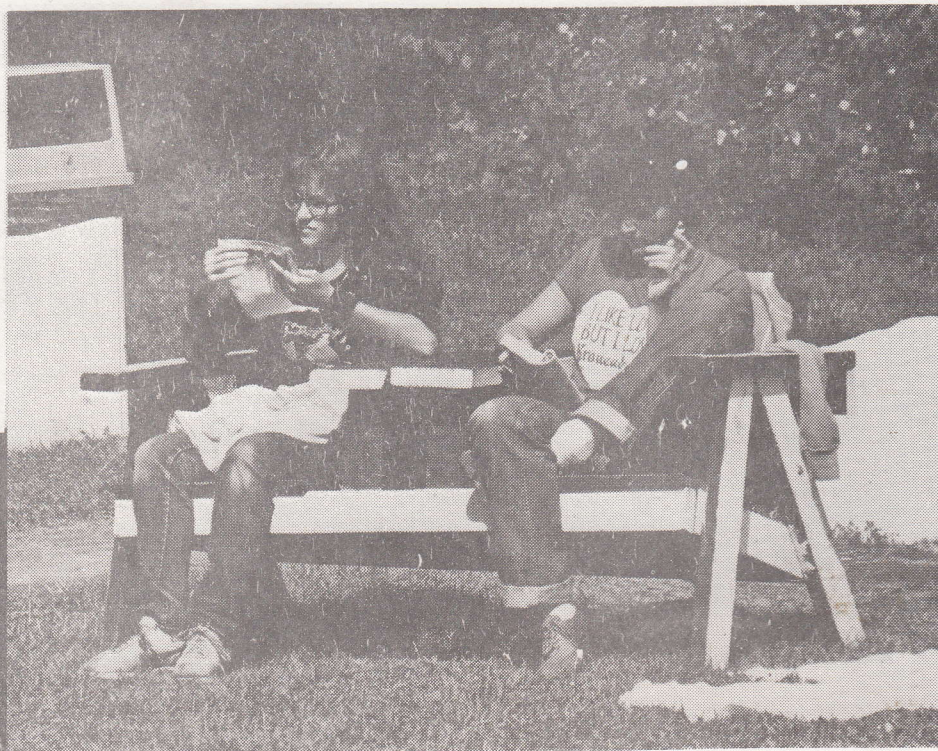
Robert Bender

Stuart Bernstein



Pam Lyons





Stuart Bernstein



Laura Fried



Stuart Bernstein



Stuart Bernstein



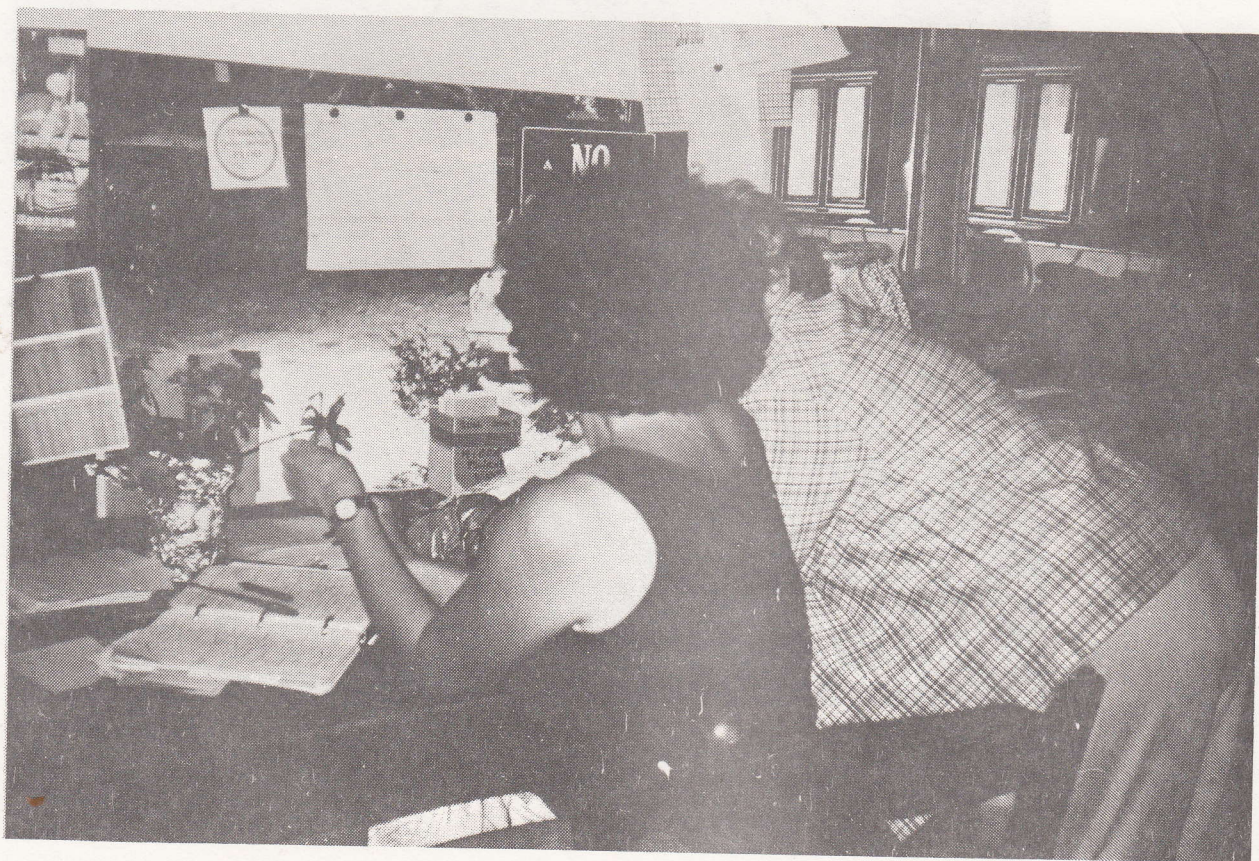
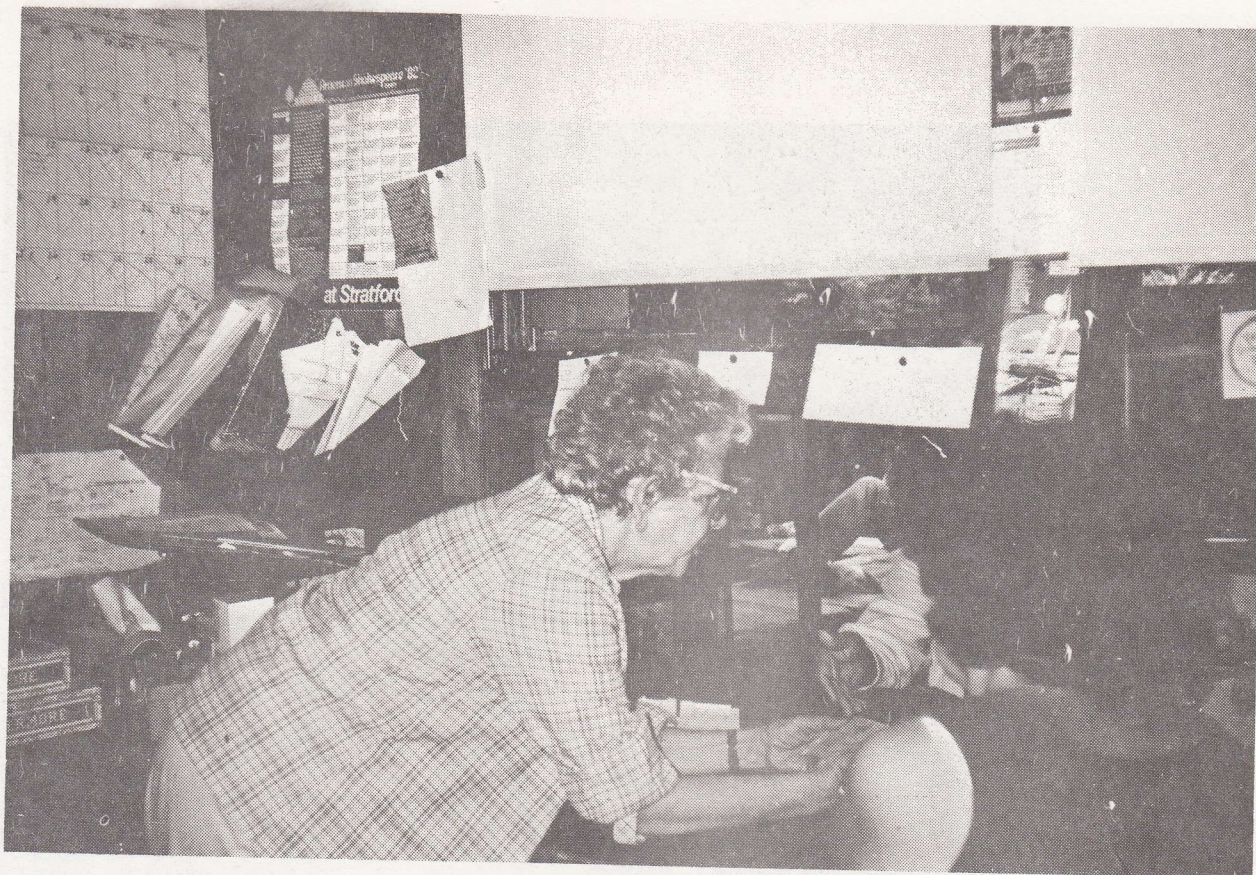
Stuart Bernstein

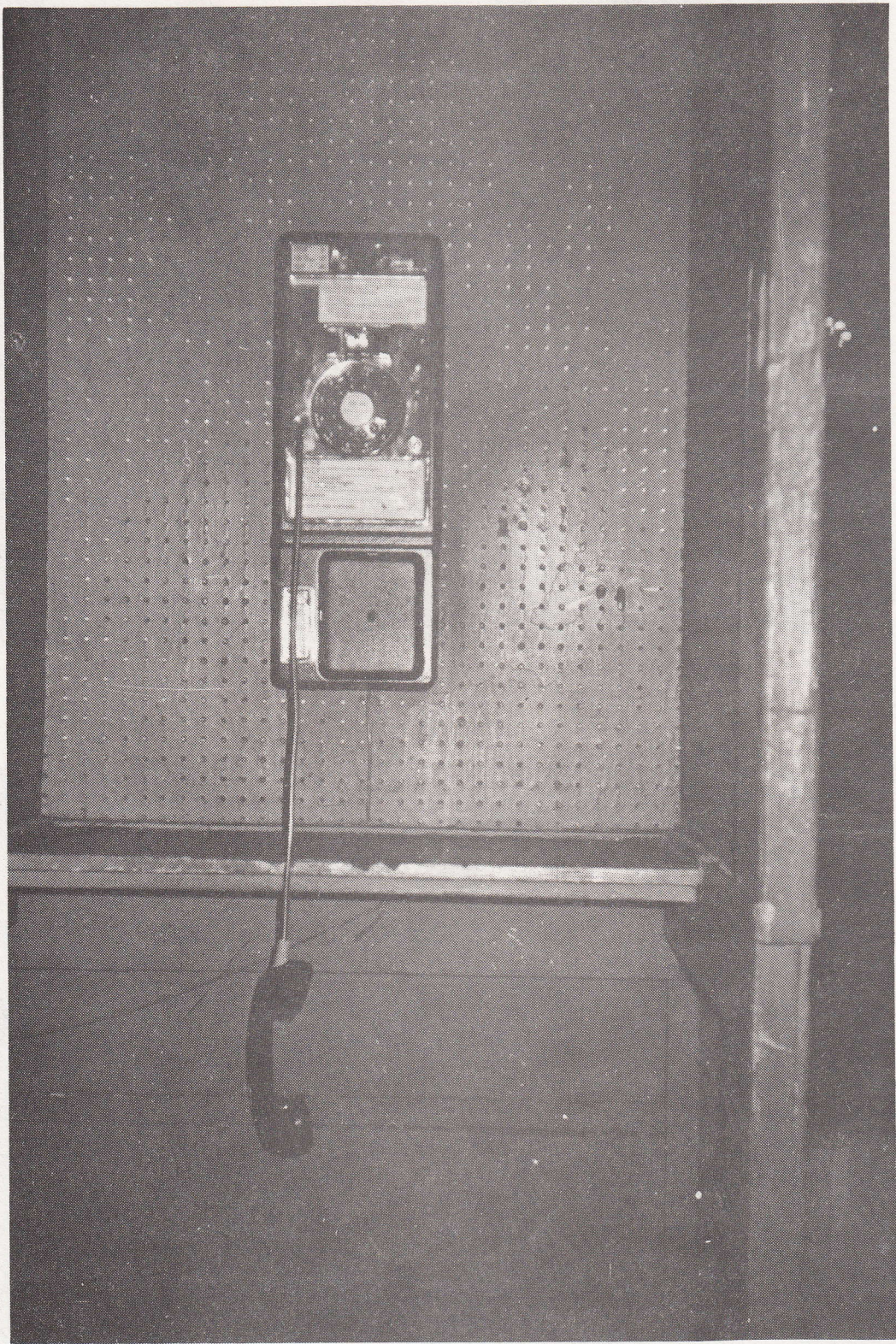


Julie Mickenberg



Stuart Bernstein





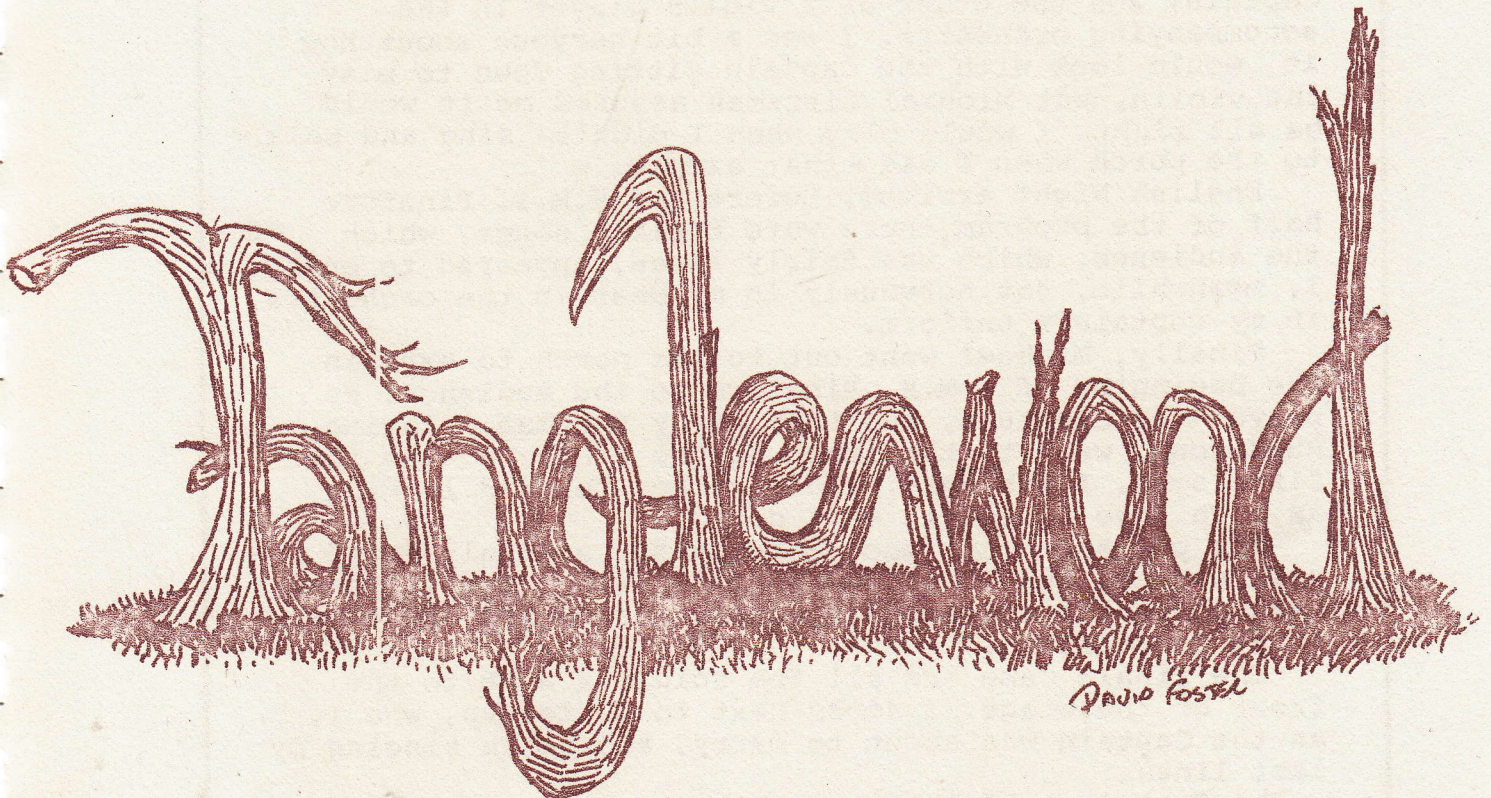
Laura Fried

SPECIAL EVENTS

We embarked for a relaxed day of classical music (Beethoven's 1st Symphony, 4th Piano Concerto and the Leonore Overture) and sun. The classical music was as good as expected. The concert lasted about two hours and was performed with the Boston Symphony's usual excellence. It was the sun, however, that was overpowering. Hordes of people fled to the protective shade of the trees; others took refuge in the food areas, while still others doused themselves with water.

The sun encouraged relaxation such as lying immobile while listening to the music. Other not quite so enjoyable experiences that day were lunch and the bus. Personally, I felt that it was the type of trip in which there was no real pressure or need to do anything except enjoy the day.

Zachary Karabell



ENGLISH

Chorus ended, and I got up to go. Michael Lirtzman had just said that anyone who wanted to try out for a part in H.M.S. Pinafore, for the upcoming English Night concert, should stay after chorus, and I just didn't feel like trying out. I began to leave the Music Shed.

A friend suddenly grabbed me by the shoulder and physically brought me back to a chair inside MuShed. I protested, but only for a moment; somewhere inside me I wanted to try out.

The two parts I tried out for, Sir Joseph Porter and Dicke Deadeye, I did not get; the part of the tain, which I did not try out for, I got.

To say the least, I was excited. I'd already been turned down for a role in something else this summer, so it was very uplifting to get this part.

I began lessons with Bess Morrison, learning the songs I didn't know and perfecting the ones I did. I went to the costume shop to get a Captain's uniform, which I then walked around in proudly for about half an hour (the heat notwithstanding). I invited my family up to see the spectacle. I was ready.

I had a double role in H.M.S. Pinafore; one as the Captain, and the other as a violin player in the accompanying orchestra. I was a bit nervous about how it would look with the Captain sitting down to play the violin, but Michael Lirtzman assured me it would be all right. I would play when I didn't sing and walk to the porch when I did - that simple.

English Night arrived. Before the H.M.S. Pinafore half of the program, there were English songs, which the audience, which was fairly large, appeared to enjoy. I, meanwhile, sat nervously in my seat in the orchestra, in my captain's uniform.

Finally, Michael went out to the porch to explain the beginning of H.M.S. Pinafore to the audience. We played the overture, and then Kathy Kurzman, playing Buttercup, went to the front of the stage to sing the first song. I was next, and I walked forward looking as much like a captain as I could.

"My gallant crew, good morning," I suddenly heard myself saying, and I was now in full swing. The switches between violin and Captain worked perfectly, and everything moved along.

The finale came and all the soloists went to the front of the stage. I stood next to Buttercup, who I, as the Captain was about to marry, and began singing my last lines.

The Captain tells Buttercup that even though he will be at sea a lot, he will be true to her. I knew the line

NIGHT

"....wherever I may go, I will never be untrue to thee.." I knew the line but my mouth decided to change it, and before I knew what had happened, I had told Buttercup that I will " ALWAYS be untrue to thee." We exchanged glances, and then began laughing.....we controlled it after a few seconds to a tolerable level, and the show ended. Then Michael said, "let's do the finale again." We did, and this time I made sure that the Captain will NEVER be untrue....and then it ended for the second time.

We had cake afterwards, celebrating how well it had gone. We all felt up and excited, and accepted the congratulations of the audience gratefully.

by Joshua Abrams

Renaissance Night

We were beset with problems. The day of the Renaissance Night concert arrived, and it was a cold and blustery one. Even if it cleared up before the evening, the audience would be presumably small, considering the stormy weather that was in the air. We waited until 8:35, and then Michael made the final decision; we would do a partial concert that night, for the parents and few hardy souls who were there, and do the whole concert two days later.

Renaissance Night was more than a concert. It was a full-scale production, complete with lords, ladies and a court jester. The Orchestra and Chorus were all in Renaissance costumes. Poems from or about the period were read, small Madrigal groups sang and instrumental groups played Renaissance songs. The Chamber Orchestra, regular Orchestra and Chorus performed pieces as well and all these parts were molded together into a beautiful Renaissance extravaganza.

Unfortunately, the second performance was on a cool and cloudy day, as well as being the same day as the Stratford Trip. People who came back from seeing Hamlet in the afternoon were tired, and the audience was considerably smaller than it could have and should have been. But this didn't deter us or annoy us (too much), and we went on with our production, which was an admirable success.

-Joshua Abrams



AMANDA GROSS

IMPROMPTU

DINA: Well, here's a piece of paper. Somebody write something.

JOSH: But what are we going to write? Has it been discussed yet?

NICK: That fool editor has forgotten to tell us.

ADELAIDE: But we've got to write something soon, the Pub Shop said to have this handed in by 12:00.

JOSH: We'll never make it by 12:00!

DINA: Why don't you write something?

JOSH: ME? I wouldn't know what to write!

DINA: I know you wouldn't. (HA, HA, SNICKER, SNICKER)

JOSH: Are you making fun of me, Dina?

DINA: Whatever gave you that idea? (A GRIN APPEARS ON DINA'S FACE)

JOSH: They say that every writer has a dream. A recurring dream. And he's got a pad of paper, and a pen, and he's sitting on the porch, and he has to write an article for Impromptu, but he doesn't know what to write. He knows he has to incorporate Diane Debrovner, the director, and Jennie Bernstein, the stage manager, and he has to tell everyone how wonderful they were to work with...I don't know.

DINA: You can stop right there. I know what we have to write, thank you.

NICK: I'm sure I could write something quite appropriate. As I'm sure you know, I've written numerous articles for numerous other Buck's Rock magazines and yearbooks. Born of a literary family, I was reared behind a typewriter. As an infant I was nursed on Liquid Paper...

JOSH: Nick, you're not writing anything significant!

NICK: I am merely reviewing my literary credentials...

ADELAIDE: Why don't you try, Dina?

DINA: I'm Dina. You may have read some of my work, but you won't remember. I'm a ghost writer. I don't like writing because you can't trust it. This is an example of what I mean. Next.

ADELAIDE: I'm Adelaide. Someone told me that a long pen name is bad luck, but I didn't change it. Maybe that's why I'm such a poor writer. I think that's all.

DINA: Hold onto your felt tips....your turn Josh.

JOSH: I have nothing to say.

ADELAIDE: But you've got to write something about yourself.

JOSH: Why? None of you did. It's all so unreal. Who are you? Why are you reading this? For enlightenment? Or were you too commanded?

NICK: WE WEREN'T ANY OF US COMMANDED.

JOSH: Then what are we doing writing this? It's the only explanation. Nick, you're a celebrity, surely this is beneath you. Adelaide wasn't meant to be an author, and Dina hates the page.

DINA: And you're afraid, aren't you?

JOSH: Yes, I'm afraid! There, I've told them something about myself.

DINA: If that's all you have to write, then give me that pen.

NICK: I don't see why you're afraid, Josh. You ask why we're here and the answer is simple...we are here to please the readers and they are here to be pleased.

JOSH: It's just that there must be a better way to write a yearbook article.

ADELAIDE: You're making this very difficult, Josh. We're doing our best.

JOSH: I know that but I can't stand all this hypocrisy. This isn't for me.

ADELAIDE: What do you mean? What are you going to do?

NICK: You wouldn't dare stop writing.

JOSH: Why not? Because of the yearbook? I have nothing to offer it but myself. And that doesn't seem to be enough.

NICK: I guess you're right Josh. See you later.

DINA: Okay, we've got to figure out a way to go on with the article without Josh.

JOSH: Dina! Now wait a minute...

ADELAIDE: Maybe he had a phone call.

NICK: Of course! He heard Lou make the announcement.

JOSH: Hold it! We've completely lost the thread of the article. We're not doing anything the way we planned it. I don't want to leave!

NICK: What's happening, the pen is running out of ink!

DINA: Our article is ended; we've written everything that was expected of us.

NICK: But the readers, what about them?

DINA: Still worrying about them. Nick, don't you see, they're no different from us, except that when the campers finish reading this article in yearbook, they'll have to keep on reading.

by Dina Goldman
Josh Olesker
Nick Gould
Adelaide Mestre



THE MAKING OF FOOD

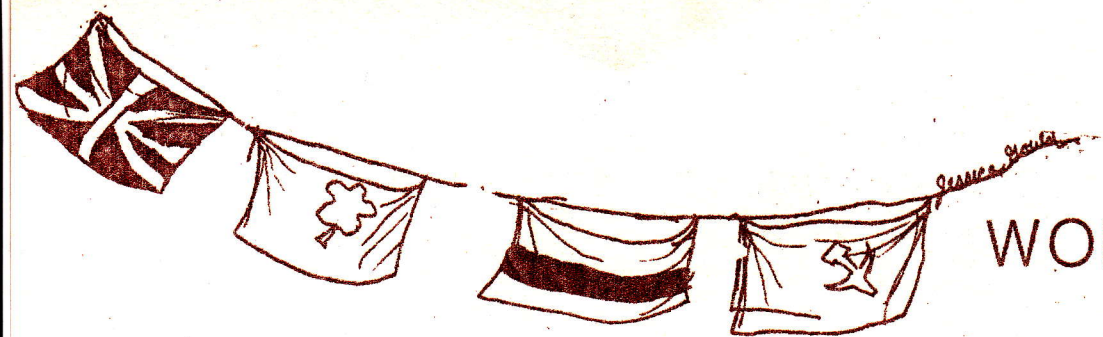
When we first went up to the Rec Hall to audition for "Impromptu," we weren't aware that "Food" existed. At the end of the audition, when Kathi asked, "Are you interested in Food?", our response was, "Sure, why not?" It wasn't until the first rehearsal that we found out what "Food" was all about.

Kathi encouraged us to "brainstorm"--in other words, to come up with as many ideas as possible on the theme of food. Besides a lot of commercials, we thought of food through the ages (from caveman to futuristic), songs dealing with food, and the emotions surrounding food. Although we had a long list at first, we narrowed it down by trying things out, and finally decided that there wasn't enough room for songs in the show. So we had it down to three main themes: Food Through the Ages, Emotions and Food, and Commercials.

During one rehearsal, we decided that it would be a good idea to go into town, find a supermarket, and take slides of ourselves with food. The slides tied in with the show: for instance, David Pogrebin, who did a bologna commercial, was photographed with packages of bologna, while Tracy Young was pictured with an egg to go with her monologue on its history. Members of the futuristic family, The Stetsons, were photographed with Tang, and preppie food was represented by Perrier. Kathi helped out by telling the supermarket employees she was doing a documentary on food for ABC News.

When Tech Week finally came, we were still shaping the show. However, the music added greatly to each piece: "He's So Fine" for the 50's, "Woodstock" for the 60's and "Valley Girl" for preppie food were among the selections used. Everything was going smoothly until we found out that half our cast had laryngitis, including Kathi. Fortunately, by the night of the show everyone was feeling better, and "Food" went well. The segment on "Food and Emotions" worked particularly well, showing three different types of families--one rich, one poor, one single parent--and their relationship to food. These were interspersed with monologues. With Kathi's inspiration and direction, we had conceived, written, and performed a largely non-scripted show, a show which was a success for both the audience and the cast.

by Jennifer Fleissner and Robbie Wetstone



WORLD'S FAIR

At the 1982 Buck's Rock World's Fair each bunk chose a country to represent. Most of the booths were located at the volleyball court and ping-pong table area. There were long lines for foods and various contests. Pushing through the crowds one felt as if one would never get through.

Girls House Upstairs, using the theory that "California is a country in itself," portrayed the golden state. Every camper in GHU dressed as a movie star, tourist, or anything else that had to do with California. By the entrance to the house there was a table to make plaster of Paris handprints, just like the footprints in the sidewalks of Groman's Chinese Theater.

Ancient Greek Olympians were represented by the Boys Cabins. In their mini-Olympics they included a twirling broad jump, 500 inch dash and the nerf-put. Instead of sandals though, sneakers were required.

Walking towards the Boys Annex exhibit, the smell of Mexican tacos filled the air. You could also hear music from Robbie Tewlow, the guitarist,

dressed in authentic Mexican garb. Judging from the camper's comments, the food was very popular.

Girls Annex One were busy lowering themselves to the badminton court as they danced the limbo. There was Reggae music and a lot of dancing.

Meanwhile, Girls Annex Two was wrapped up in Egyptian mummy wrapping, substituting ancient cloth with toilet paper. Contests were held to see who could wrap someone the fastest without ripping the paper.

Boys House Upstairs adopted England. Counselors and campers were placed in stocks while people "queued up" to throw wet sponges at them. Right Across the channel was Girls Terrace and their French table, where chocolate kisses could be sent to the Buck's Rocker of your choice. Chinese food, consisting of chicken, rice, and fortune cookies was served by Girls Terrace. People were eager to read their fortunes, but no fortune was needed to predict that the 1982 Buck's Rock World's Fair was a great success.

By Nancy Cherkis

We were out on the lawn, Bess, Amy, and I, around a table set up for the grandmas left behind while parents visit children's bunks. Down at the badminton courts the clowns performed to the delight of twelve year olds and their parents.

We sat around, watching the parents and grandparents trudging uneasily down Buck's Rock Road, a camper guiding them eagerly around to see the shops. Joyous faces hefted duffle bags, suitcases, into trunks and back seats.

All the shops were quiet, the frantic pace which characterized the summer was gone. No one was working on a project; instead, batiks, paintings, and stationery hung from dormant shop walls. Parents oohed and aahed at the works of eight weeks.

No one was using the rec hall now--tech rehearsals, 'Food,' all were done with. Completed works filled the vast building, jewelry, satin hamburgers. Pottery was clean for once, the wheels still.

FESTIVAL

I had never seen the camp so crowded, and yet so empty. It seemed as if everybody's parents and grandparents had come. Immersed in a flood of middle-aged faces, I felt as if I was an outsider, as if I was intruding on their territory.

I left Bess and Amy, and started walking. I wanted to go home, but the surprise death of some distant cousin kept my parents from picking me up. I wish I was home already--this wasn't the Buck's Rock I knew, it was just a side show, an exhibit.

Everything looked foreign. Hot corn was being sold at a booth that looked frightfully like a football concession stand. The lawn was cluttered with chairs, and the parents sat uncomfortably, not used to sitting on a twenty degree incline.


I was tired, and saddened at seeing Buck's Rock turn into a tourist attraction. Weary, I sat on the lawn. My vision blurred, focused again. I saw all around me the clowns, still performing, still juggling.

Howard Fischer

Finding ourselves with only ten days till performance date (Friday the 13th!), the C.I.T.'s decided nonetheless that we would have a show. Since a scripted show was out of the question, we chose a cabaret format, which would allow for a variety of acts. To add to the nightclub atmosphere (and to attract an audience), we served food and drinks. The Music Shed stage was transformed into a regular Copa Cobana by the use of tables (complete with--er, tablecloths) placed on and around the stage. C.I.T.'s, dashinglly attired in bowties and tuxes, waited on tables. During this time, the audience was also encouraged to check out some C.I.T. projects which were used for decorations.

The show got underway at around ten to nine. Our emcee, Howie Mann, jumped onstage and announced the first act, "The Masochism Tango". From this interesting opening number, we continued on to a more serious act, a scene from the play "The Chalk Garden". This was followed by four comedy acts. Then came "Do I Do," a doo-wah style song to which the C.I.T.'s bopped through the audience, to their delight and confusion. After another serious interlude, we were once again bopping, (in a slightly disorganized fashion) to the strains of that great classic "Coke Is It!" There followed three more songs (one composed by a C.I.T.) and a comedy act about...juice. As David Frank recovered from an encounter with an old girlfriend, we were ready for our big finale! Amy Noskin jumped up on a table and began to tap dance, to the terrified surprise of the people sitting at it. Meanwhile, the company began to sing "New York, New York." One minor problem was that nobody knew the words. Falling all over each other, we somehow made it to the stage for a sort of a bow--and the show was over. While our closing act may not have been exactly polished, we had a great time doing the show, and the audience enjoyed it immensely.

Surprisingly enough, before the show we were all scared that no one would come. C.I.T. shows do not have an illustrious reputation at Buck's Rock. Because of this we went overboard with advertisement, plastering posters everywhere, handing out fluorescent green flyers after dinner, and screaming at people to "Come--OR ELSE!!" To our delight and pride, we packed the MuShed to it's limits. We hope we have paved the way to a better and more deserved reputation for Buck's Rock C.I.T.'s.

 C.I.T SHOW

NUCLEAR AWARENESS DAY

On August 12, after much organization and planning, Nuclear Awareness Day began at Buck's Rock. The main organizer was Elizabeth Smith of Girl's Annex 1. The day consisted of seminars, films and workshops. The purpose was to get the campers aware of the current nuclear situation. In the morning there was a video called How Much Is Enough? It was a very informative film about the arms race. At 2:00 several campers created an anti-nuclear mural near the bird house. There was also a writing workshop. A few people read poems, some chose prose, and their own writing that had relevance to nuclear war. Then everyone wrote for a few minutes.

At 3:00 the seminar, Art with a Social Message was given. It was about artists communicating through art. The 4:00 seminar, The European Point of View was very well attended. Some of the European counselors got together a sheet about European nuclear politics and spoke about it. At 6:45 the seminar on nuclear politics and the human psyche took place. It concerned how people can be so insane as to create for themselves such a dangerous situation as the arms race. A solar workshop was given at 7:00.

At the gong the evening events began. Two skits about nuclear war were performed. Then a slide show The Race that Nobody Wins and a movie A War Without Winners were shown. They were factual but also made people think about the arms race. After that a campfire was lit. Everyone sat around and anti-war songs were played. The evening ended with everyone putting their arms around each other and singing The Strangest Dream.

-Katie Roiphe

EXCERPTS FROM THE WRITING WORKSHOP ON NUCLEAR AWARENESS DAY

There is such irony in our situation. Knowledge was supposed to set us free, but in reality it has enslaved us. There is a great mushroom over our heads, and knowledge is its creator. Maybe knowledge is also the curse of our kind.

James Eichner

When I'm so scared, and when I know people who aren't here who are also scared, I get frustrated that they don't feel like participating. My friend who says she's interested in understanding what there is to be scared of says she'll come later. Later is not good enough...

Joshua Abrams

A chubby faced child says that if he grows up he will be a policeman. A tiny girl says that she will have children if she lives to be twenty. A baby cries because it senses its mother's fear. A little boy draws a picture entitled "The Destruction of the World" for his nursery school class. A toddler stumbles slowly up a path. Will he ever grow old enough to say his name?

Katie Roiphe

The Clown Show

Five people are sitting on a bench, waiting. They crumble up the pieces of paper they were reading. Suddenly a loud buzz is heard. They slap their necks and knees in a vain attempt to kill the annoying mosquito. ...neck-neck-knee and patty cake with their neighbor. The buzz persists. The bug lands on the nose of the person in the middle and all turn to him, hands raised. The buzz grows fainter and they relax. It comes back, louder than ever. A machine gun sounds and the five of them fall over. This is a typical Clown Alley Monday evening at the music shed. "This act required a lot of practicing and several rehearsals," said Bobby and Tom. "It takes a lot of work to get the timing right and it's very difficult to work as a group, in unison. I had trouble getting the movements right," said Bobby Feign "I kept hitting the air instead of my knee."

Three of the eight acts were old circus routines. These were the Whipcracker (Lauren Rosenthal and David Ubogy), the Hypnotist (Kerri Green and Sophie Gueron), and the Broom (Elissa Leif and Amy Clark). The Broom act, in which the sweeper falls asleep and the manager tries to put him to work, used to be performed in the circus when accidents or other problems occurred.

There were also two walk-arounds by Lauren Beuhler and Caryn Pinsky. Walk-arounds are visual jokes in which the costumes or other accessories are designed to make the audience laugh. Caryn's costume was a burned up outfit worn with a sign reading Mt. Volcano tour guide.

"The Clown Alley was a lot of fun, and I've made a lot of friends," said Lauren

The Stromboli's were Kerri Green, David Pogrebin, and Peter Straus dressed in red and blue, performing circus tricks such as the human cannon ball, trapeze, and juggling.

"It was tiring, but fun", said Kerri Green. David Pogrebin, who also impersonated the mosquito with a kazoo, said, "I thrive on applause."

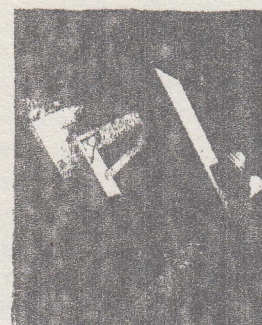
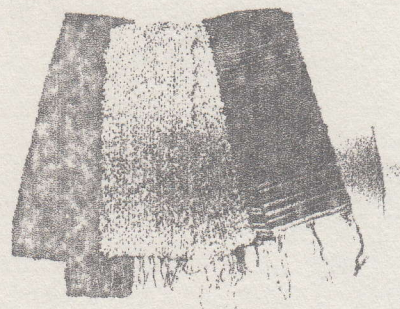
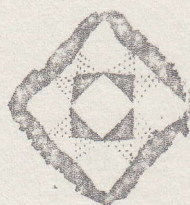
Another very applauded act was Peter Straus's juggling that he performed with a lot of skill. It was put together that afternoon, but part of it was improvisation. "I'm glad it went well," said Peter. "Solo work is very scary."

Peter taught himself how to juggle from a book called Juggling for the Complete Klutz, which he thought was very well done. He's been juggling for 4 years, but learned most of his tricks last year at Buck's Rock.

The last performance was by Tom Dougherty. He was a bum dressed in rags who combined clowning with other skills such as balancing a hat on his forehead and tumbling over in a perfect imitation of a fall.

BY CLAIRE GUERON

Midsummer Art Show



The Midsummer Art Show opened on the night of July 21st. It gave first month campers a chance to exhibit their work. Ten of the shops had pieces exhibited at the show. Even the kitchen brought a giant cake and other refreshments. There was a fashion show given by the sewing shop. The highlight of the show was Nicole Dupree, who wore an adorable sundress and hat. For those who couldn't make the opening, the show was held over the next day, and it was enjoyed by everyone who came.

by Stacey Schultz

One day I heard Lou say over the loud speaker, "Whoever wants to run in the New Milford 8 sign up now." I wanted to try it, but the only problem was that the most I had ever run before was two miles.

The day of the race I missed the bus because it left earlier than I thought it would. I told Lou I missed the bus, and he told me to go to the office. I talked to the shopper, and she agreed to take me.

I arrived just in time, with ten more minutes until the race. I got my number, and I didn't believe it--it was my lucky number, 28. Five more minutes until the race. I was really scared because I wanted to run the whole eight miles, but I probably wouldn't make it. I had to make it because I had to prove to myself that I could run eight miles, and I wanted my name in the newspaper so a lot of people would see it.

NEW MILFORD

The Start of the Race

My heart was pounding, some people were passing me but I was still running. I passed the mile mark, so far so good. When I reached the two mile mark I said to myself that I had tied my record, but I had only run $2/8$ of the race. Would I make it? Three miles, four, five, six. When I reached the place where the people from Buck's Rock were handing out water for the runners, they were cheering me on, and that felt really good. I was still running, but I felt my legs collapsing; still I had to make it because there were only two miles left. Oh no, a hill. When I was running up it, it seemed that it was never going to stop. I was still going. Running, running, running, but wait, there was the finishing line! I was really glad, only a little way to go, and most of it downhill. I ran down at almost full speed; I felt like I was going to collapse. Only a little left to run. There was the finishing line, I'd made it, I'd run the whole eight miles; I couldn't believe it, I'd made it! My number was 303. What was my time? I'd have to wait until the weekly newspaper came out.

A Week Later

Time-1:13:56. All right, much better, I finished 300th. I wanted to finish first. Not fair, wait 'til next year.

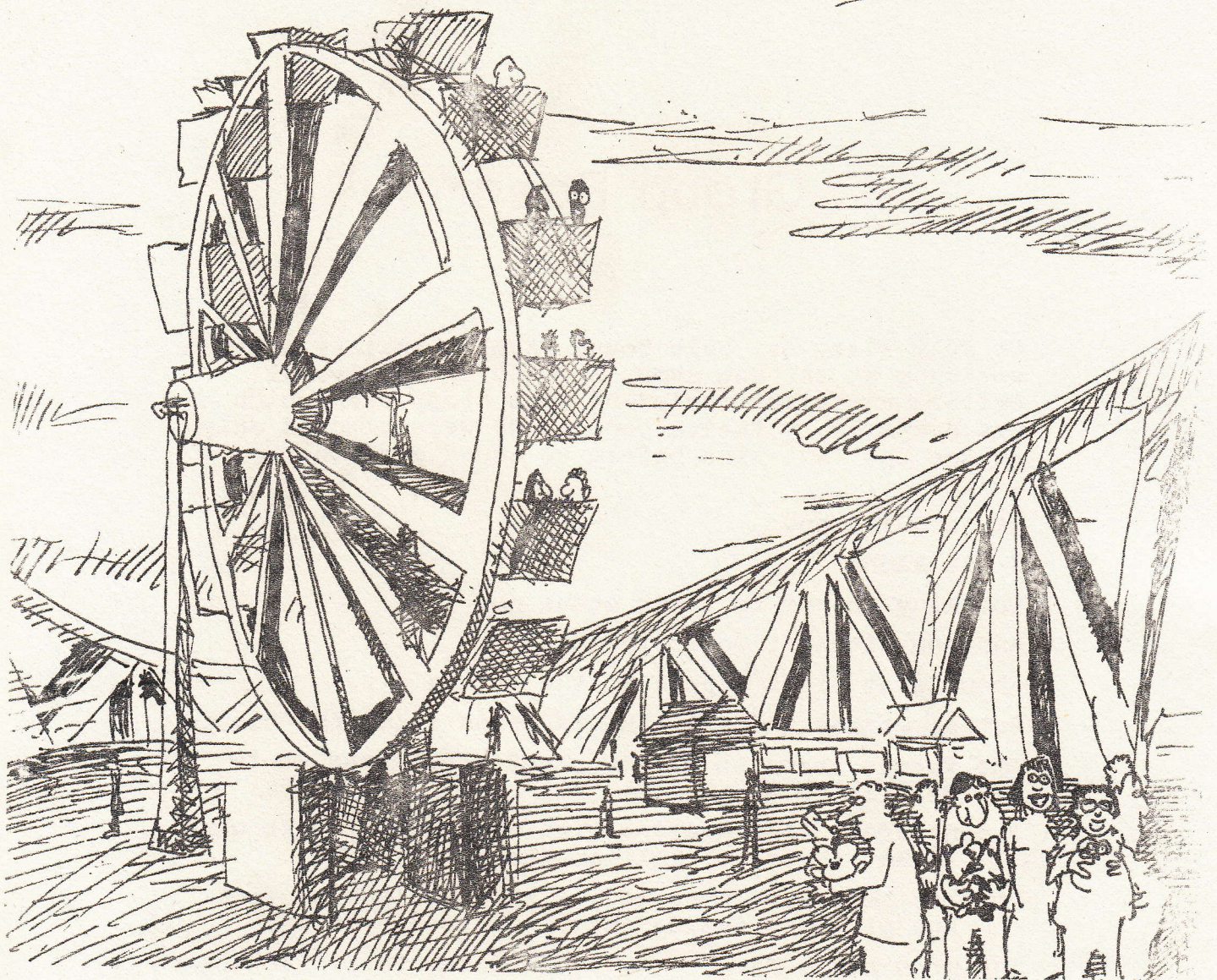
-Troy Levine



C.I.T. TRIP

Thanks to our complying with him on Bastille Day, Wally agreed to take the C.I.T.'s on their annual all-day trip once again this year. So, on July 27th, we tiptoed onto Wally's bus, having been informed that noise was not a thing Mr. Banzhaf would tolerate. However, once the trip started, too much noise was hardly something we worried about. Despite Wally's threats, musical accompaniment started early on, with the J. Geills Band and the Beach Boys harmoniously accompanied by Gould & The Gang. Our first stop was a beach on Lake McDonough, where we were in the water roughly five minutes after leaving the bus! Among the ways we amused ourselves were splashing, swimming, dunking, boating, throwing (frisbees and each other), chickenfights, and listening to strange clinking noises in the water. In between we all got burned to a crisp, one of the less engaging results of our excursion. As we cooked, so did dinner; real steaks, cooked over an open fire, boiled corn-on-the-cob, and watermelon and marshmallows to top it off. Also served were iced tea and potato chips, the latter of which caused further difficulty by blowing away.

As evening descended heavily on our poor, burnt (but happy) bodies, we entered once more into Wally's chamber of silence (ha!). Arriving at Riverside Amusement Park expecting to find a small park, we were happily surprised to discover not only a flume, a ferris wheel, bobsleds, and a rotor, but three (count 'em three!) rollercoasters: the Thunderbolt, the Black Widow, and the Wildcat. Our first stop was the Rotor, where we laughed at the green faces of our macho male counterparts, until we were in there. Then our laughter faded as the floor sank lower and lower, while the room spun and we stayed glued to the wall--a bizarre feeling. After that, some of us felt a bit queasy, so fortunately



there were also rides for the wimps in us all: an old-fashioned carousel, swings, and a haunted house where the main attractions were barrels covered with red paint. In between rides, we ate (and ate and ate) everything from tacos to cotton candy and played games of skill and chance, with floppy little stuffed rabbits the most wanted prize (some people spent \$5 or more to get their bunnies). By the end, many of us were not only exhausted and full but toting a zoo of oversized creatures. We got onto the bus for the last time at 11:00 P.M., and rode home. We were happy, but also sad, because it was over, and it reminded us of something we didn't want to think about: that our time as C.I.T.'s at Buck's Rock was going fast. It is certainly worth all the days of work just to be a C.I.T., and one of the best parts of the job was undoubtedly the C.I.T. trip.

Jen Fleissner and
Katy Schneebaum

Group Poem

On July 31st, Dr. Lois Young gave a creative writing workshop at the Pub Shop. She had us do several writing exercises including this Group Poem which was composed by twelve people. We were allowed only to see the last line before we added our own.

It is quiet now

I sit alone

Too many things to think about now

And too little time to think

About what might happen in the future

But sometimes I don't want to think about the future

The future seems so far away; it's much easier to
deal in "now".

I don't feel like dealing with anything. I just want
to eat these horrible cookies.

Cookies here aren't so bad. I like to look at them. I
see pictures inside them sometimes --faces.

The moon has a face -- everyone knows that. Each crack
and crevice is a wrinkle.

Sometimes you see the man in the moon clearly; it cries
for help.

Sometimes you see the man in the moon, and you cry for
help.



Elaine Young, guest lecturer at WBBC.

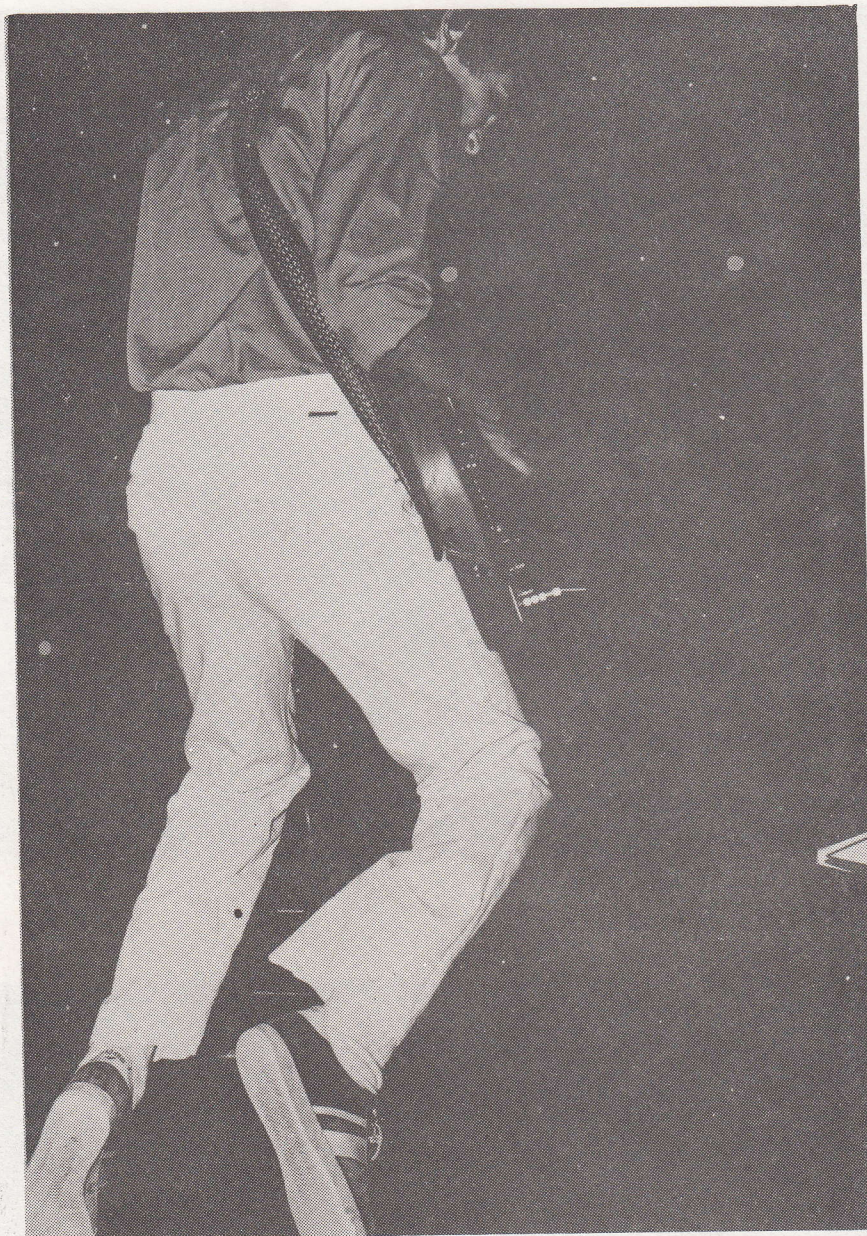
Steve Pudell



Dr. Lois Young, guest speaker gives Creative Writing Workshop.

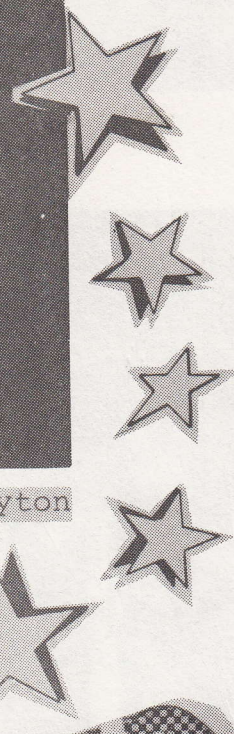






Kenny Peyton

ROBBIE AND THE GREASERS





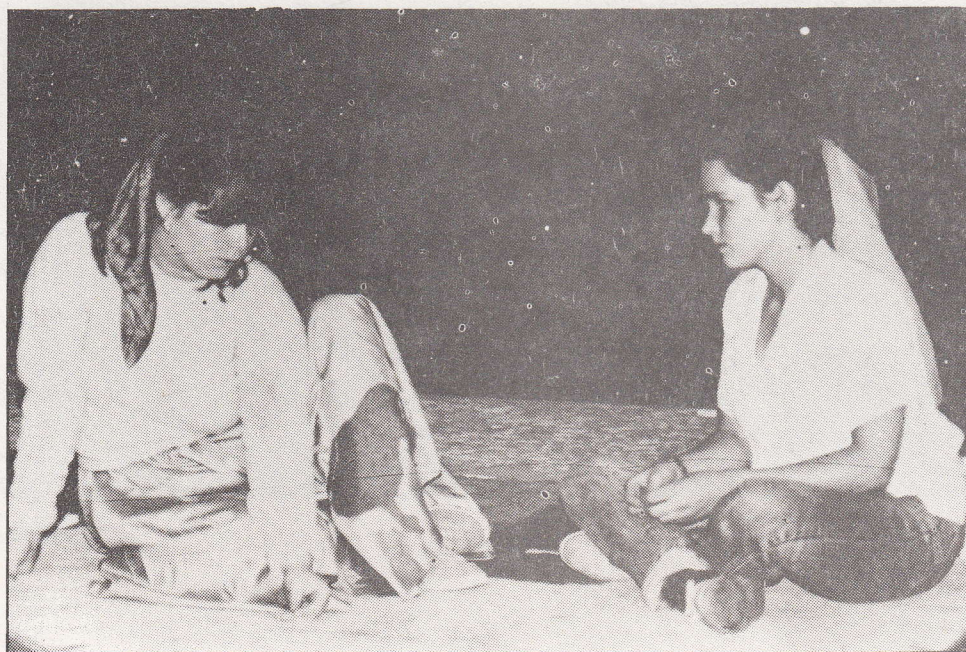


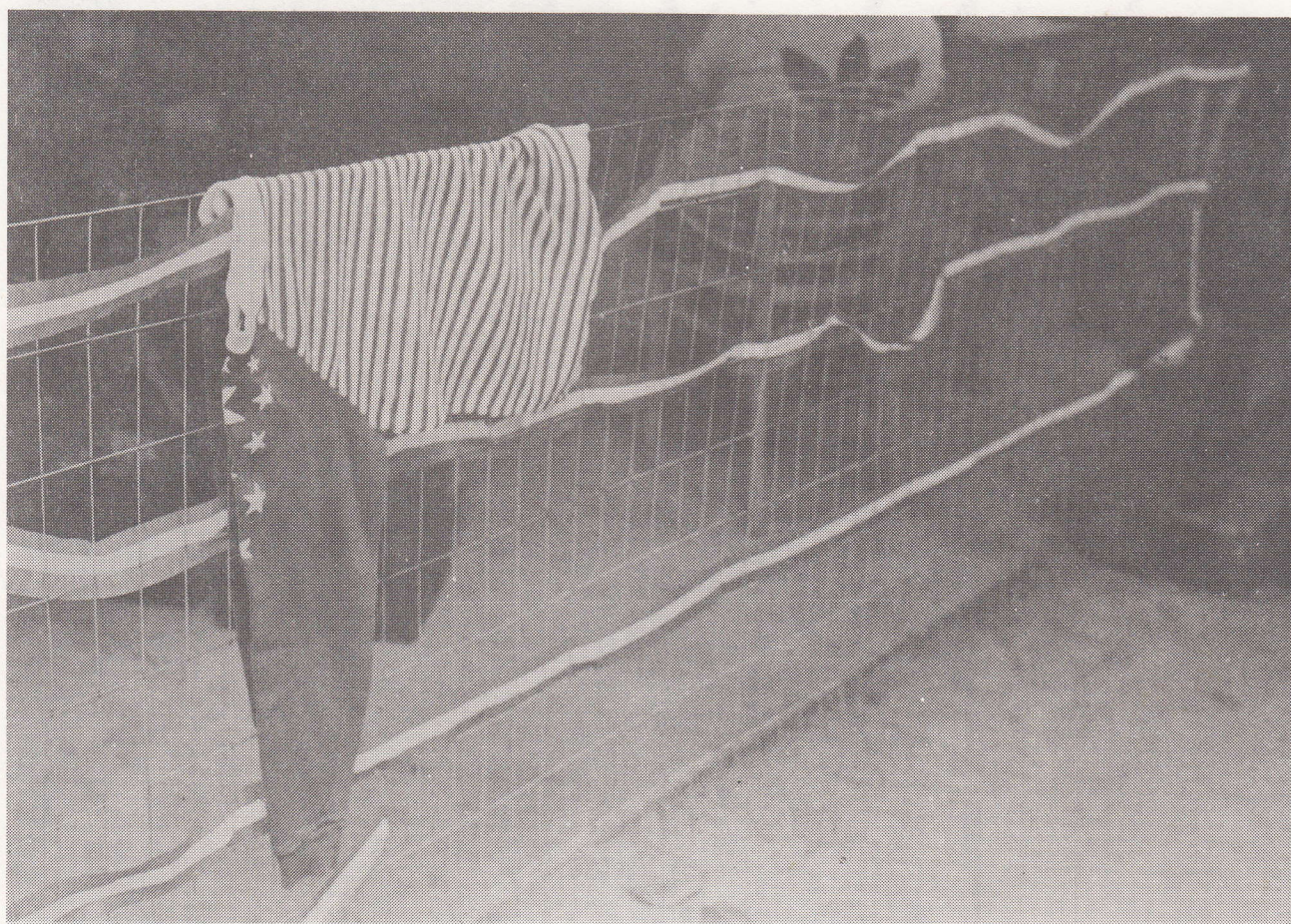
Staffworks Reception.

Stuart Bernstein

LIVE
FROM BUCK'S ROCK
IT'S

STUDIO
NITE
- K. A. -





July 4th 1982.

Marc Sznajerman



A World of Its Own

Can Buck's Rock create a world of its own? Is it possible for us, as we come together each summer, to leave at home the attitudes and values that we need for survival during the rest of the year? In short, can we come to Buck's Rock unaffected by the world outside and prepared to create a new world, a community of people who think, behave, and work in ways that promote cooperation rather than competition and that respect each person's individuality and dignity?

As we come to the end of the fortieth summer of Buck's Rock's existence, the answers we find to these questions may well determine the direction the camp takes in the years that lie ahead.

Buck's Rock, as we've said often before, is more than just a summer camp. It is a proving ground for young people, a place where they demonstrate to themselves and to each other that they are capable of accomplishing far more than their parents and teachers assume they can accomplish. We're sure you've seen that for yourselves this summer. The yearbook you're now holding is a record of your accomplishments. It is the end result of the efforts of hundreds of people, working alone and in concert with others. Produced in a little less than a month, it records the accomplishments of the entire camp - in our studios and workshops, on our farms and stages, in our playing fields and science workshops. And you did all of this work not because anyone compelled you to, but because you chose to. We offered you freedom of choice this summer and the majority of you used that freedom responsibly and learned how to choose wisely.

Your achievements did not come easily though. They sometimes required tremendous effort - on your part as well as on the part of the counselors who worked with you. As the shop signs banning "rainbows, hearts, pacman, and unicorns" testify, your counselors encouraged you to be creative. And so you had to abandon cliches and formulas and use your imagination to develop fresh, new ideas. Some of you resisted, a few quit, but most of you persisted and discovered how wonderful it is to see an original job through to successful completion.

Creativity and originality are not usually encouraged in the outside world. To be creative often means to be a non-conformist, and most educational institutions and communities are suspicious of non-conformists. Henry David Thoreau once wrote, "For non-conformity the world whips you with its displeasure," and he wasn't far from wrong. Here at Buck's Rock, however, we have encouraged you to be different and we will continue to do so. Too many forces are at work in the outside world encouraging you to be mere "lumps." We feel that we must resist those forces. Cunning politicians, self-proclaimed holy men, slick advertising campaigns, dehumanizing computers, mindless television shows, uninspiring teachers, electronic games for waging cosmic wars - all of these can be perpetuated by human lumps. Buck's Rock can be perpetuated only by human beings.

The task is a challenging one, though. Some young people find independent thinking too strenuous. Their senses have been numbed by ear-splitting amplifiers and televised inanities and their attention span has been stunted by the magical workings of the remote control channel selector. Their language, in some cases, has been reduced to a few basic grunts, squeals, and groans, punctuated every so often by a "like" or "ya know" for emphasis. (It's, like,

discouraging, ya know, to, like, listen to them, and it's like, almost painful, ya know, for them to have to, like, think too much.) Some of them prefer to dress up in the latest Bloomingdale's fashions and to stand around in their fancy clothes and hair styles and jewelry and admire each other. Clearly Buck's Rock must caution such young people not to come here. Some day they may want to join the hundreds of teenagers who go to Roslyn, L.I., every Thursday night to "hang out." The New York Times reported recently that the town's residents "feel as though they have been visited by a plague." We ask for no such plague. Buck's Rock is a place for work and action and commitment and involvement—not for hanging out.

We believe that young people can generate an overwhelming amount of energy which, if properly channeled, can make the difference between a future of hope and a future of despair. But in order to generate anything there must be movement, prompted by a desire to move. We stress creativity at Buck's Rock because creating, like life itself, involves movement. It is a voyage of discovery. The journey both fulfills your life and gives it meaning. The poet Walt Whitman in this stanza from his "Song of the Open Road" expresses his enjoyment of the journey:

Afoot and lighthearted I take to the open road,
Healthy, free, the World before me,
The long brown path before me leading wherever I choose.
Henceforth I ask not good fortune, I myself am good fortune,
Henceforth I whimper no more, postpone no more, need nothing,
Done with indoor complaint, libraries, querulous criticisms,
Strong and content I travel the open road.

We hope that this summer, with the world before you, healthy and free, you too learned to "travel the open road" and that on the way you learned the meaning of such words as truth, gentleness, responsibility, consideration, initiative, and friendship. We hope that you have learned more about living with others and that you have formed some special friendships, because the interests and experiences you shared with each other may well be the most important "piece of the Rock" you take home with you.

And if enough people, infused with the spirit of Buck's Rock, return to their homes with a better awareness of all the possibilities that life holds, then maybe, just maybe, they can have an effect on life in their own home towns and, by extension, on the quality of life in society as a whole. Then, instead of Buck's Rock having to create a "world of its own" each summer, it would be the world outside that would have to create a "Buck's Rock of its own" every day of the year. Now isn't that an interesting thought to contemplate?

Ron and Sybil

We may think of Buck's Rock as a place of make-believe, a Shangri-La. But it is a real place, and we have spent the real 1982 Summer of our lives here. Buck's Rock for some of us is so too-good-to-be-true, so magical, productive, and indulgent to our creative impulses--that we tend to think of the camp as a fantasy. But this is no dream. You who are reading this page have actually been a member of our wedding of friendship and work and of our special togetherness.

In a way, a summer at Buck's Rock is like a refreshing dream, a mystical sleep in which our talents and yearnings project a pageant. And we ourselves are the performers, and the directors, and the audience, and the authors, and the critics. It was a wonderful summer, but because we are our own severest critics, we aspire to even better pageants next year.

And like a refreshing dream, a summer at Buck's Rock stimulates our powers and confidence and not only for the year to come but perhaps for all the years to come. If we are lucky (and so many of us are), we are forever energized and enriched (as Wordsworth wrote):

Here I stand, not only with the sense
Of present pleasure, but with pleasing thoughts
That in this moment there is life and food
For future years.... And I have felt
A presence that disturbs me with the joy
Of elevated thoughts; a sense of sublime
Of something far more deeply interfused,
Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
And the round ocean and the living air,
And the blue sky, and in the mind of man.

Levin + Roberta



Zachary Karabell

CROSSROADS

Coda. The dictionary defines coda as a "more or less independent passage, at the end of a composition, introduced to bring it to a satisfactory close." Our Coda: Our summer brought to a satisfactory close. If we accept the understatement implied in "satisfactory", yes indeed. Though leafing through the pages of this book, I would call our Coda exhilarating, triumphant at times, melancholy and sad at other times, but always victorious, using our gifts, abilities and talents, conquering obstacles, enjoying assets, overcome liabilities accepting limits, using opportunities. Yes!

But "more or less independent?" Not quite. Our coda, like a piece of music, had an introduction that led to the exposition, where each one of us introduced the themes of their summer and developed them to their finale. But whilst in musical terms, the finale marks the last movement of a concert, for us the closing passage opens the door to new beginnings. We end and we begin.

However, our beginnings happen at a time crucial to mankind's existence. The existence of existence, though miraculous, has never been questioned. Individual existence may be finite. Universal existence that was "to lie before us like a land of dreams, so various, so beautiful, so new" seemed secure. It is no longer secure. The very existence of mankind is threatened by man's own hand. Mankind's technical genius, mankind's inventions are far ahead of mankind's ability to insure mankind's survival. There is a gap, an ever widening gap. The next generations will attempt to narrow the gap. "The time is out of joint." I deplore with you the fact that you may belong to a generation born to set it right. I envy you the opportunity to set it right. I admire the courage that you will need approaching the crossroads facing you.

There are crossroads in the life of every individual, although, more often than not, they are recognized as such only in retrospect. One had travelled a road without understanding that there had been a choice, that one had passed a crossroad not realizing that there had been alternatives. I hope this summer has begun to give you the ability to recognize crossroads when you come to them. However, we are living in a time when mankind itself has come to a crossroad. To be or not to be is no longer a question a person may ask himself or herself. To be or not to be has become the universal question. Albert Einstein wrote: "The unleashed power of the atom has changed everything except our way of thinking."

We may start with the challenge that is within each of us: Let us discover how to live as persons without lies, without humiliation, without belittlement of ourselves and others, without violence. Can we make these discoveries? We started this summer, we are going to continue.

But the tasks facing us transcend the goals we can reach as individuals. We must realize that we, all of us, are faced with the task to prevent man from perishing by the weapons he had invented.

"How many ages hence

Shall this our lofty scene be acted over

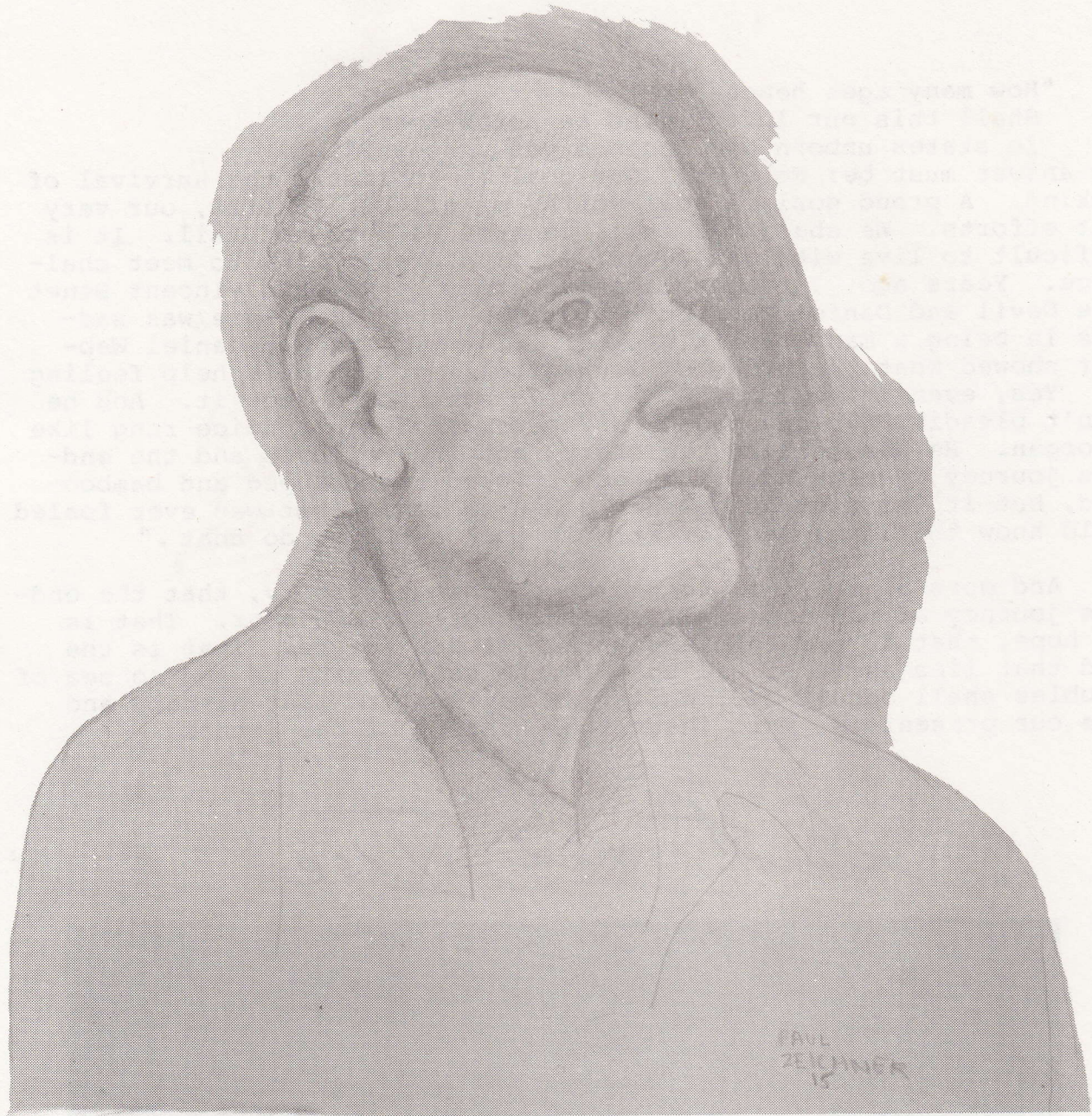
In states unborn and accents yet unknown?"

Our answer must be: Forever! .Our goal is to insure the survival of mankind. A proud goal, a goal worthy of all our efforts, our very best efforts. We shall not fail, because we must not fail. It is difficult to live with challenge, it is a great thing to meet challenge. Years ago, I read a campfire story by Stephen Vincent Benet "The Devil and Daniel Webster." I quote from it: "There was sadness in being a man, but it was a proud thing too. And Daniel Webster showed what the pride of it was till you couldn't help feeling it. Yes, even in hell, if a man was a man, you'd know it. And he wasn't pleading for any person any more, though his voice rang like an organ. He was telling the story and the failures and the endless journey of mankind. They got tricked and trapped and bamboozled, but it was a great journey. And no demon that was ever foaled could know the inwardness of it - it took a man to do that."

And ours is the task to see to it that the story, that the endless journey of mankind shall continue forever and ever. That is our hope, that is our challenge, that is our future. That is the road that lies ahead of us, that is the task facing us and no sea of troubles shall engulf us. Whilst we may explore past history and live our present, we must insure the History of the Future.

Ernst and Iise





We want to conclude our farewell message by paraphrasing the "World's Peace Prayer":

Let us go from Death to Life,
from Falsehood to Truth,
Let us go from Despair to Hope,
from Fear to Trust,

Let us go from Hate to Love,
from War to Peace,

Let Peace fill our Hearts, our World, our
Universe.

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- Young
- Shauna
- Will
- Robert
- Steenberg
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- Cindi August
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Special Note.....

The 1982 yearbook silkscreen has eight colors and was produced in four printings. This was accomplished with the use of special "transparent inks." Yellow, red, blue and black were overlapped to form all the other colors in the print. As of yet, this is the largest yearbook silkscreen that has been undertaken at Buck's Rock.

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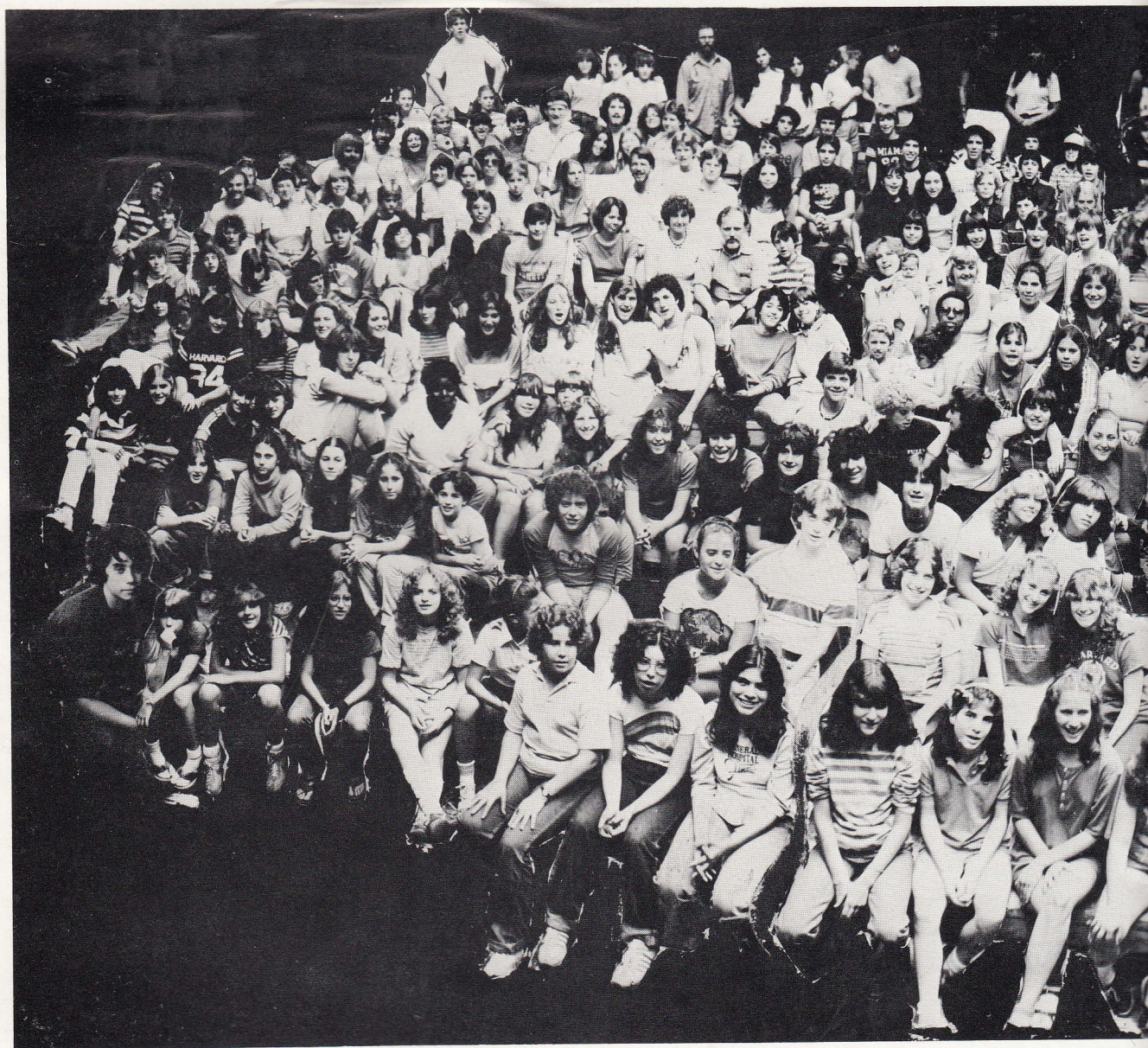
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Andy Gruskay
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Ernst and Ilse
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And all the campers who made this book possible.

Coda was written and produced by the
campers of Buck's Rock, New Milford, CT 06776.

August 1982



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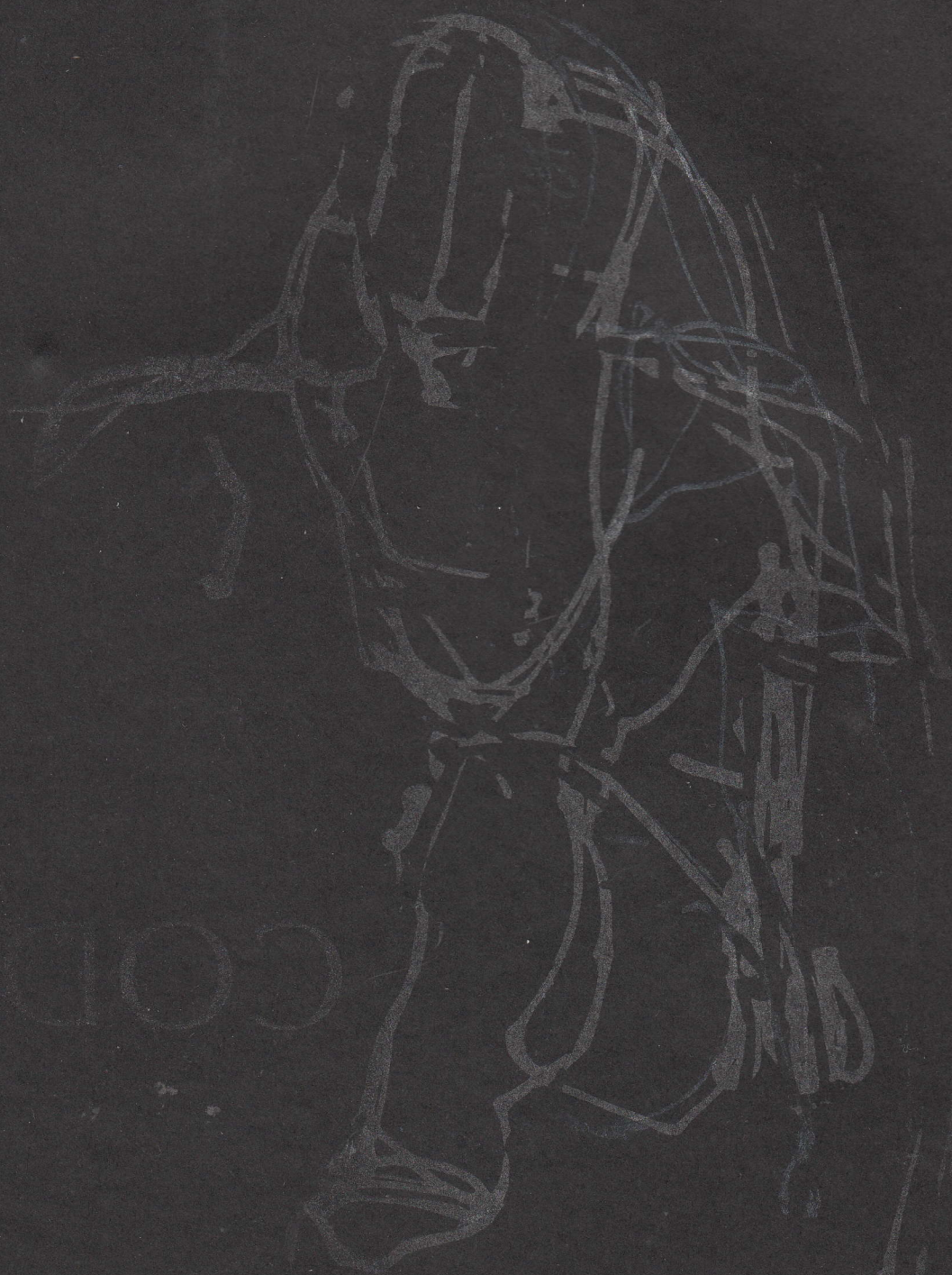
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